

SPACEHAWK



THE CADET



CHAMELEON

December

TARGET

10¢



Vol. 2
No. 10



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

YE EDITORS' PAGE

\$1⁰⁰ FOR EACH LETTER PUBLISHED \$1⁰⁰

Dear Readers:

Many of you may be wondering why it takes two or three months from the time you write a letter to Ye Editors' Page until the time it appears in print. The reason for this lapse of time is that it takes two or three months to prepare the art work and actually print the magazine. Please keep in mind, therefore, when you send a letter that it cannot be published for several weeks after you have written it. When one of our fans writes a letter which is chosen for publication, we are anxious to see that he gets the dollar he deserves but some of the dollars have been returned by the Post Office marked "Not Found." Please help us to be sure you get the dollar you deserve when your letter is printed by writing your name and complete address very plainly—also, don't forget to leave a forwarding address at the Post Office if you should move.

Dear Editors:

I read Ye Editors' Page in every Target Comics I get. I read the letter of Edward Kamlan in the September issue and I disagree with him. Although I am a girl, I like The Cadet much better than Calling 2-R. Another point I disagree with him is the name of Target Comics. I don't think that it should be changed because it more or less tells you who the main characters are. If you change it to Magnet Comics it would not give you much of an idea of who the characters are. I can see no reason to change it at all although I see what Edward Kamlan meant when he suggested the name Magnet Comics but I thought that maybe you named it the Target in the first place because of the Target and Targeteers.

There is one thing that I agree with him on; I would like a real American story.

A very faithful reader,
Shirley March
Albion, Michigan

—(Just between us, Shirley, we are glad to hear that you stick up for Target, as it is the original name of our magazine, but we want to please the majority of our readers. Let's just hold our breath and wait for the verdict.)

Dear Sirs:

I have just read your September issue and I think it's swell. Boy! It's sure some target for the other comic books to shoot for.

I think, however, that the Chameleon has taken a change for the worse. The story of his identity was very good and original, but that uniform makes him like all the other comic book characters of his type. It destroys all his originality.

There has been some talk about taking Spacehawk out of the magazine but in my opinion, he keeps the variety that makes Target so outstanding. He adds the fantastic element which along with the Western, humorous, and crime fighting strips makes up this wonderful variety. Drop Lucky Byrd if anybody.

Although I'm no marksman, your magazine is one Target I never miss.

Wishing you luck in the future,
George Stewart,
Maplewood, N. J.

—(Thanks for such an interesting letter, George. You sound like a sharpshooter to us, and we agree about Chameleon's uniform.)

Dear Editors:

I bought my first "Target Comics" book in November. I have been taking it every month since. One of my hobbies is collecting comic books. I like the "Target Comics" best of all the books I have collected.

I have been talking with some of my friends, who take "Target Comics" and we all agree that it would be nice if you would have one strip about a woman or girl.

What has happened to the cougar in "Bull's Eye Bill"? Has Dee or Bill ever given the pet cougar a name yet? I haven't seen the cougar for several months now.

I don't know which story in "Target Comics" I like the best. I like them all very much.

Yours truly,
Lila Fettes
Collbran, Colorado

—(Painter, the cougar, is still out on the ranch, Lila. We really think Bill is too fond of his pet to get rid of him. Just watch and you'll see Painter soon again.)

Dear Sirs:

I have read all of your Target Comic Books and find them very good because of the fine print and drawings. I agree with the other letters on the Ye Editors' Page that you should have a full book of Target.

I am saving all my books and when I get enough I am going to take them to the orphan's home. The children there will like to read them too.

Mother thinks I am too big to read these books.

Yours truly,
Budgie Barnes
Dallas, Texas

—(Target Comics is read by people of all ages, including many soldiers in our army camps, Budgie. Ye Editors' think it is fine that you are planning to give your comic books to the orphan's home. Your heart certainly is in the right place.)

Dear Editor:

I think the Target is the best thing in Target Comics but there never is enough of him. I wish you would publish a magazine that has all Target in it and have only about two episodes in it so that we could have a couple of real "bang up" mysteries, the kind that keep you guessing as to "who done it" until the very end. I'm sure all the boys and girls would enjoy a book like that.

Sincerely
Taylor Myers
Chanute, Kansas

—(With so many votes for more Target and The Targeteers your Editors are seriously considering giving you more.)

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO TARGET COMICS, 292 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, NEW YORK.

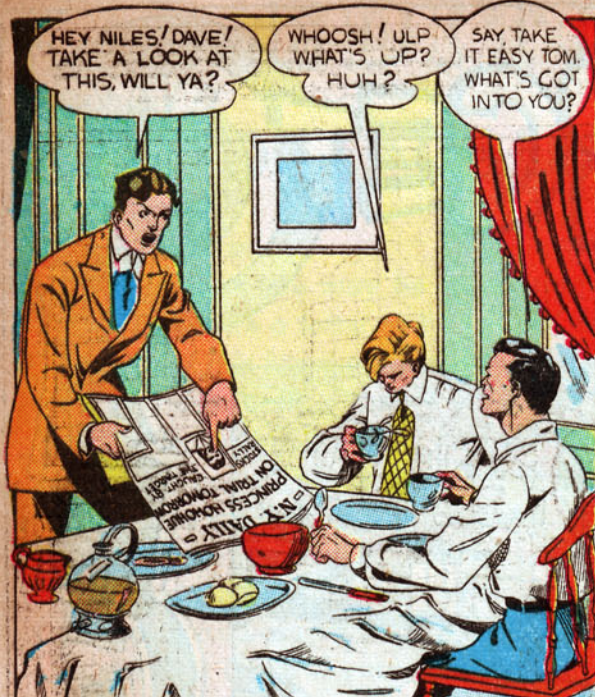
THE TARGET and the

TARGETEERS



ONCE AGAIN THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE NOTORIOUS PRINCESS HOHOHUE WHOSE MISSION IN THE UNITED STATES IS THE DESTRUCTION OF OUR GIGANTIC DEFENSE EFFORT. HER UTTER DISREGARD FOR THE LAWS OF THE UNITED STATES BRINGS THE WRATH AND FURY OF THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS UPON HER.

by SID GREENE



HEY NILES/ DAVE/ TAKE A LOOK AT THIS, WILL YA?

WHOOSH! ULP WHAT'S UP? HUH?

SAY, TAKE IT EASY TOM. WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?



SO WHAT? WE KNOW THE TRIAL IS TOMORROW.

I KNOW THAT TOO, BUT TAKE A LOOK AT THE 'AD' IN THE PUBLIC NOTICES COLUMN.



HM-M-M..... BOYS, WE'RE GOIN' TO PAY A VISIT TO THE TORTURE MUSEUM AT CONEY ISLAND RIGHT NOW!

AND SO TO THE MECCA OF SAFETY AND THRILLS GO NILES REED, TOM BROWN AND DAVE FOSTER.

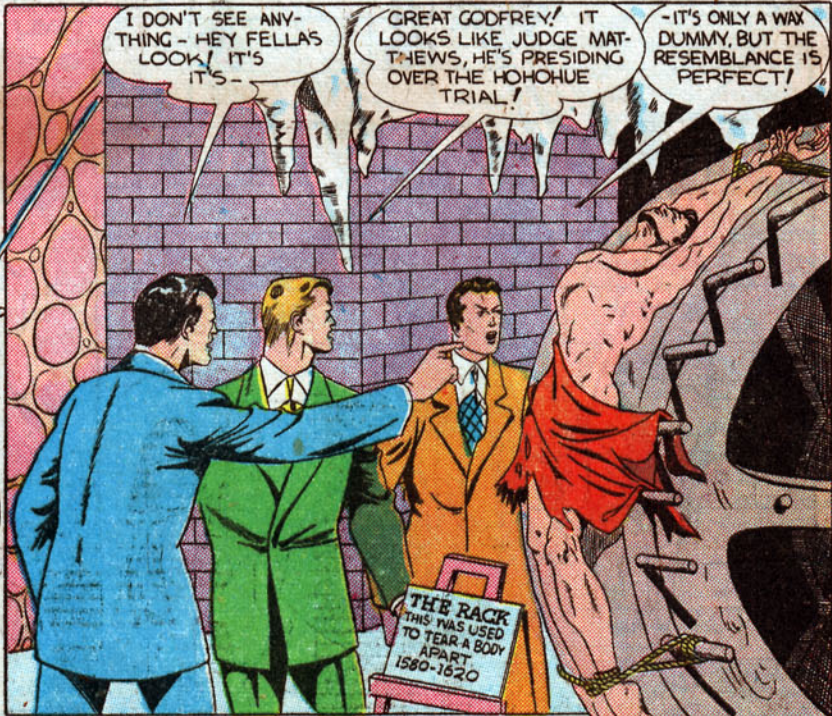


STEP RIGHT IN FOLKS, STEP RIGHT IN! FOR ONE THIN DIME SEE HOW THEY MADE 'EM TALK IN ANCIENT DAYS!

HOW MANY?

WAAH! I ONLY GLUB SAID YOU DRAG POP OVER THE COALS EVERY DAY! OW! OH OUCH!

THREE PLEASE!



I DON'T SEE ANYTHING - HEY FELLAS LOOK! IT'S IT'S -

GREAT GODFREY! IT LOOKS LIKE JUDGE MATTHEWS, HE'S PRESIDING OVER THE HOHOHUE TRIAL!

-IT'S ONLY A WAX DUMMY, BUT THE RESEMBLANCE IS PERFECT!

THE RACK THIS WAS USED TO TEAR A BODY APART 1580-1620



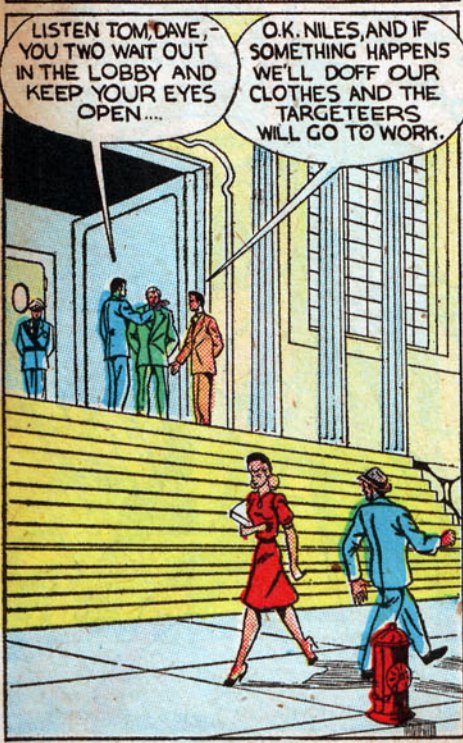
WONDER IF THAT'S NOT A HINT THAT THERE'S LIABE TO BE TROUBLE AT THE TRIAL TOMORROW?

THAT PRINCESS IS ONE TOUGH BABY.



WELL WE'LL BE AT THE TRIAL TOMORROW-SO SHE'D BETTER BEHAVE HERSELF!

THE NEXT DAY, OUTSIDE THE FEDERAL COURT BUILDING....



LISTEN TOM, DAVE, - YOU TWO WAIT OUT IN THE LOBBY AND KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN....

O.K. NILES, AND IF SOMETHING HAPPENS WE'LL DOFF OUR CLOTHES AND THE TARGETEERS WILL GO TO WORK.

WITHIN A FEW HOURS, THE JURY RETURNS WITH ITS VERDICT.... HIS HONOR, JUDGE MATTHEWS, IS ABOUT TO PRONOUNCE THE PEOPLE'S DECISION AGAINST PRINCESS HOHOHUE.....



NO! I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, YOU MAY PROCEED.

YOU HAVE BEEN FOUND GUILTY OF VIOLATING THE ESPIONAGE ACTS OF THE UNITED STATES AND IT IS MY DUTY TO SENTENCE YOU TO TWENTY YEARS IN THE FEDERAL PENITENTIARY!

AS THE SENTENCE IS HANDED DOWN, PRINCESS HOHOHUE'S ATTORNEY WHIPS OUT A GUN....



NO ONE CAN SEND THE PRINCESS AWAY! COME ON DOWN, JUDGE!

YOU HEARD HIM, JUDGE! COME DOWN HERE!



ANYONE TRIES TO STOP US, AND I SHOOT THE JUDGE RIGHT IN THE BACK! COME PRINCESS, WE'LL DEPART NOW!

MEANWHILE, IN THE LOBBY OUTSIDE THE COURTROOM, SPECTATORS SUDDENLY BECOME GUN-WIELDING MOBSTERS. THEY HOLD THE POLICE AT BAY SO THAT THE PRINCESS CAN MAKE GOOD HER ESCAPE.



STAND BACK, OR WE'LL FILL YOUSE FULL O' LEAD, SEE!

SHUT UP!

YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT YOU-OHH-H.

BANG

YOU RATS!

SUDDENLY, AS THE SHOTS RING OUT, THE TARGETEERS EMERGE FIGHTING, THEIR FISTS CRASHING INTO THE PRINCESS' HENCHMEN!



SHOOT 'EM YOU SAPS, SHOOT-

I-I-DID-I DID BUT IT DON'T HOIT 'EM!

SOME GUY WITH A GUN IS GOIN TO GET A BROKEN JAW!

INSIDE THE COURTROOM, THE PRINCESS' HENCHMEN BATTLE THE COURTROOM GUARDS.



THE CONFUSION IS COMPLETE PRINCESS, ONCE WE GAIN THE OUTSIDE, IT'LL BE CLEAR SAILING!

OH-H-H!

BANG BANG



AS THE PRINCESS LEAVES THE COURTROOM, THE TARGET LEAPS INTO ACTION, HIS PUNISHING FISTS POUNDING THE MOBSTERS MERCLESSLY!



-THINK YOU'RE HOT STUFF IN THAT UNIFORM-I'LL-

OH!

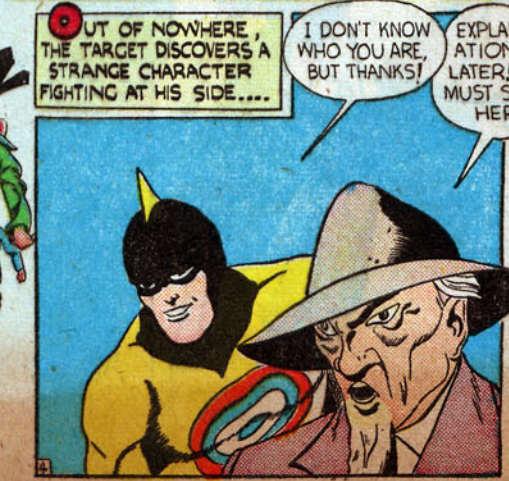
C'MON BOYS, DEY'RE MURDERIN' OUR GANG!

CONTACT

NILES REED QUICKLY DUCKS BEHIND THE JUDGE'S DESK AND EMERGES AS THE TARGET!



NOW WE'LL SEE HOW FAR THE PRINCESS WILL GET!



OUT OF NOWHERE, THE TARGET DISCOVERS A STRANGE CHARACTER FIGHTING AT HIS SIDE....

I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE, BUT THANKS!

EXPLANATIONS LATER! WE MUST STOP HER!

PRINCESS HOHOHUE REACHES HER CAR, BUT THE TARGETEERS STILL FIGHT DESPERATELY TO PREVENT HER ESCAPE.....



THEY ARE KILLING MY MEN!

COME PRINCESS, THE JUDGE IS ALREADY IN THE CAR!

AH! THE TARGET HIMSELF! LET ME GIVE HIM A DOSE OF LEAD! I KNOW HIS VULNERABLE SPOTS



THE PRINCESS FIRES! AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS LONG CRIME FIGHTING CAREER, THE TARGET IS HIT.....



HA/HA/HA! I GOT HIM! I GOT HIM! HA/HA!

OUCH! I'M HIT! MY LEG, OH!

NILES ARE YOU HURT?

CRACK

OH-HH

HOW WAS THE TARGET FINALLY STOPPED?

DURING HIS STUDY OF METAL—LURGY AT COLLEGE, NILES REED, WHO IS THE TARGET, DISCOVERED A FLEXIBLE BULLET-PROOF METAL



THROW A SMOKE BOMB! QUICKLY, WE HAVE TO RESCUE OUR MEN!

O.K. PRINCESS, WATCH DIS!



SCREENED FROM THE TARGETEERS BY A THICK WHITE SMOKE CLOUD, THE PRINCESS AND HER MOB MAKE THEIR GET-AWAY.....

THE TARGET WAS HIT, (COUGH) CAN YOU SEE HIM?

NO, I—(COUGH)—HEY!—LOOK THROUGH THE SMOKE!



AS THE SMOKE SLOWLY LIFTS, THE TARGETEERS SPY THE STRANGE ORIENTAL CARRYING THE WOUNDED TARGET TO A CAR...



COME ON! AFTER HIM, HE'S GOT NILES!

HE GOT AWAY WITH THE TARGET!

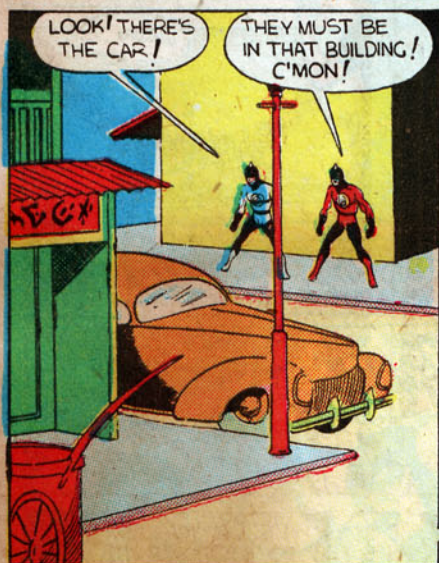
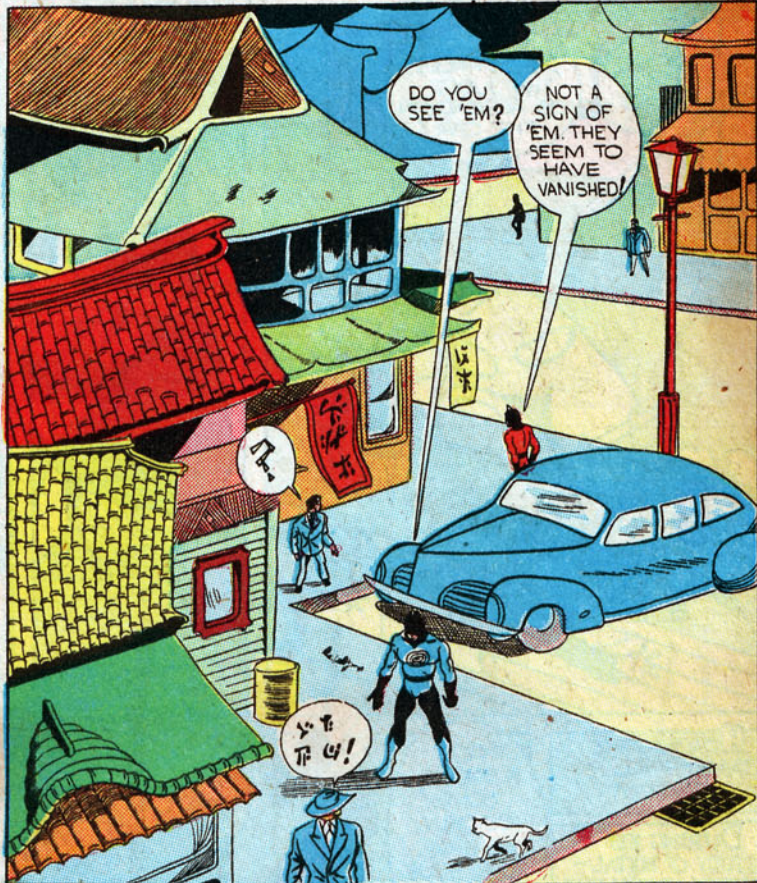
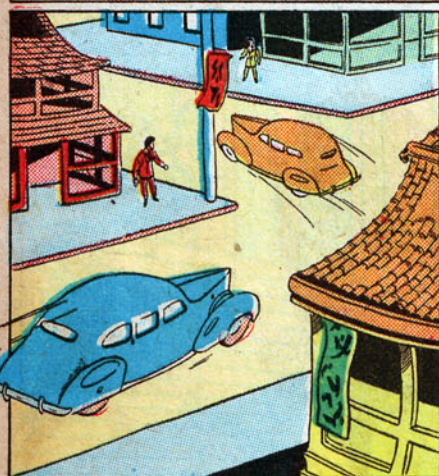
AFTER HIM IN OUR CAR!



THIS PROTECTIVE MATERIAL IS WORN UNDER THE TARGETEERS' COSTUMES, ONLY THE FACE AND LEGS UNPROTECTED.

THE TARGETEERS FOLLOW THE ABDUCTOR'S CAR INTO THE NARROW STREETS OF CHINATOWN...

IN THE MAZE OF RAMSHACKLE HOUSES, THE TARGETEERS LOSE THE TRAIL OF THE ORIENTAL, AND THE WOUNDED TARGET...



UP THE STAIRS THEY RACE.



CRASHING INTO THE ROOM, THE TARGETEERS SEE THE WOUNDED TARGET LYING ON A TABLE, THE ORIENTAL AT HIS SIDE.



THE PRINCESS HOHOHUE HAS CAUSED SABOTAGE ON MATERIAL DESTINED FOR CHINA. I HAVE BEEN AIDING THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT TO APPREHEND HER!



WELL IT LOOKS AS IF SHE MADE A CLEAN GET-AWAY!



NO, NO! THAT IS NOT TRUE. MY AGENT KNOWS WHERE SHE IS HIDING.

YOUR AGENT KNOWS! THAT'S SWELL! WHERE IS HE?



AGENT IS NOT HE, IS SHE. SHE RUN PERSONAL NOTICE IN PAPER. SHE IS AT CONEY ISLAND NOW!



IN A SHORT WHILE THE STRANGE GROUP REACHES CONEY ISLAND.



YOU HAD BETTER WAIT OUTSIDE AT THE BACK, I'LL BE OUT SHORTLY.

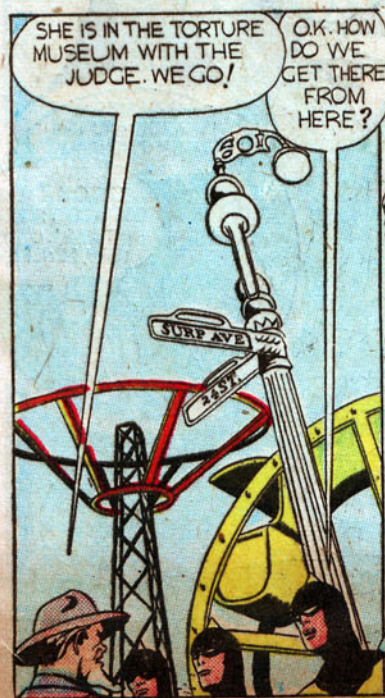
INSIDE THE FORTUNE TELLER'S CONCESSION -----



WELL LOTUS, ANY NEWS?

YES, SIT DOWN. BE CAREFUL, I THINK THAT I AM BEING WATCHED.

THE PRINCESS IS HIDING IN THE CELLAR OF THE TORTURE MUSEUM. SHE HAS JUDGE MATTHEWS THERE. HURRY, GO NOW!



SHE IS IN THE TORTURE MUSEUM WITH THE JUDGE. WE GO!

OK. HOW DO WE GET THERE FROM HERE?

AS THEY ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE, A SNEAKING GUNMAN FIRES AT DR. NIRVANA.



IT IS NO USE I AM A GONER. GET TO THE TORTURE MUSEUM - THROUGH THE AMUSEMENT PARK, OH-H-H-H-H



HE'S- HE'S DEAD!

IT'S UP TO US TO STOP HER, AND WE WILL!



IN A MATTER OF SECONDS THEY REACH THE AMUSEMENT AREA.

HEY! YOU GUYS CAN'T GO IN WITHOUT A TICKET! WHO D'YA THINK YOU ARE- OUCH!

OUT O' THE WAY, BUD!

WE'LL PAY ON OUR WAY OUT- MAYBE!



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS ARE ABOUT TO EMERGE FROM THE REVOLVING BARREL INTO THE HEART OF THE AMUSEMENT AREA WHEN....

COME ON, TARGET MY DEAR!

YEAH! WE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU! MAYBE WE'LL COME IN!



BUT, AS THE FEARLESS TRIO DASH PAST THE TICKET TAKER.....

HELLO, LISTEN JUGGER-HEAD! THE TARGET JUST DASHED IN. YEAH.....GO GET HIM AND MAKE SURE YOU DO!



DON'T WORRY, I'LL GET DE PUNK. HE WON'T BE WORTH TWO CENTS WHEN I GET T'ROUGH WID HIM!



AN AMAZING BATTLE TAKES PLACE INSIDE THE REVOLVING BARREL. THE TARGET AND TARGETEERS SOON GAIN AN UPPERHAND, AND BATTER THEIR FOES INTO WEAK, WIMPERING COWARDS.



WHERE ARE THE PRINCESS AND THE JUDGE? C'MON TALK!

OK, O.K.! YOU GOTTA GO T'ROUGH DE TUNNEL O' MYSTERY, DEN-ETC-ETC.



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS LOSE NO TIME IN FINDING THE PRINCESS' HIDEOUT.

TO THINK PEOPLE PAY A DIME FOR A RIDE THAT SCARES THE DAYLIGHTS OUT OF 'EM.

THAT'S THE LANDING OVER THERE, FELLAS!





C'MON FELLAS! WE GET OUT HERE AND WALK DOWN THESE STEPS —

PRETTY DARK HERE. I CAN HARDLY SEE A THING!

WATCHING THE STRANGE TRIO, IS ANOTHER OF THE PRINCESS' MEN.

WELL, WELL, WELL! DE TARGETEERS! BOY! DIS IS WHAT I BEEN WAITIN' FOR!



AS THE TRIO REACH THE BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS.

O.K., TARGET! RAISE YOUR MITTS! SO YOU'RE DE GUY BULLETS CAN'T STOP!

WHO TH-?!



WELL! SO IT'S JUGGER-HEAD LITEMANN, SO YOU'RE ONE OF HOHOHUE'S STOOGES TOO, EH? HA, I REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE JUST A CHEAP PICK-POCKET AT THE BALL PARKS!

YEAH? WELL I'M ASSOCIATIN' WID BIG TIME STUFF NOW! DE PRINCESS'LL GIMME A MEDAL FOR BLOWIN' YOUR BRAINS OUT!



NOW SAY YOUR PRAYERS MY T'REE LIDDLE TARGETS! JUST T'REE SHOT'S, AND YOUSE IS DONE FOR!



HA! HA! OERE, HOW DO YOU LIKE DAT? HOW... HOLY SMOKE! IT'S TRUE! IT'S TRUE! BULLETS DON'T HOIT 'EM!

WE LIKE IT FINE! HOW DO YOU LIKE IT JUGGERHEAD, HUH?

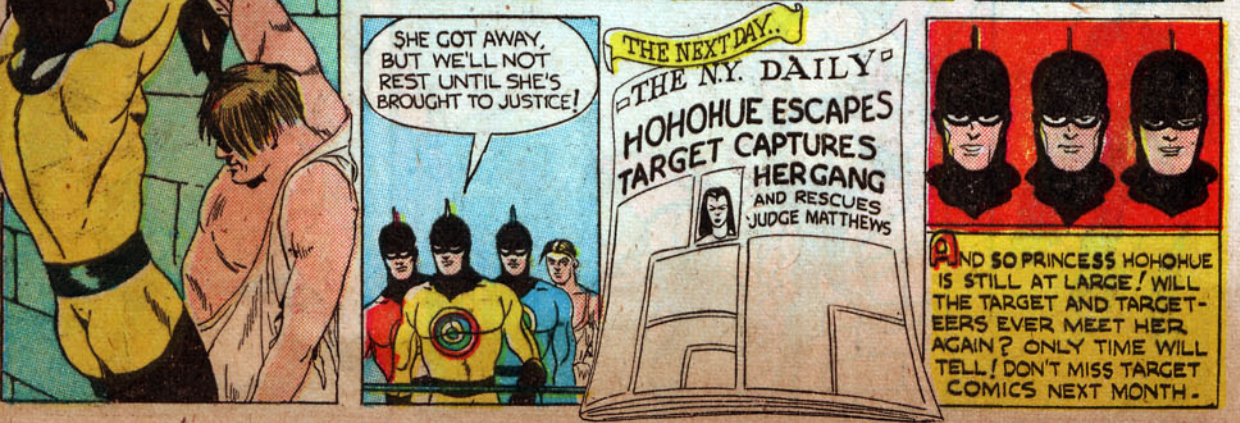
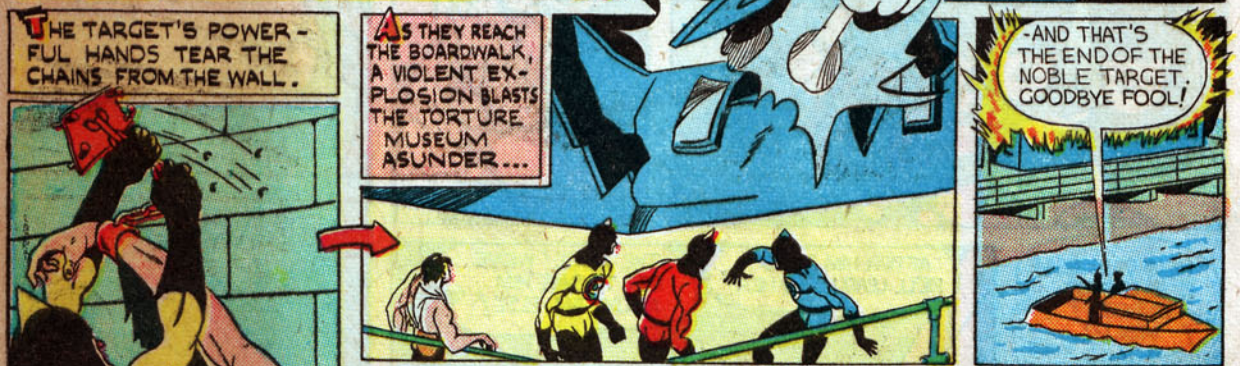
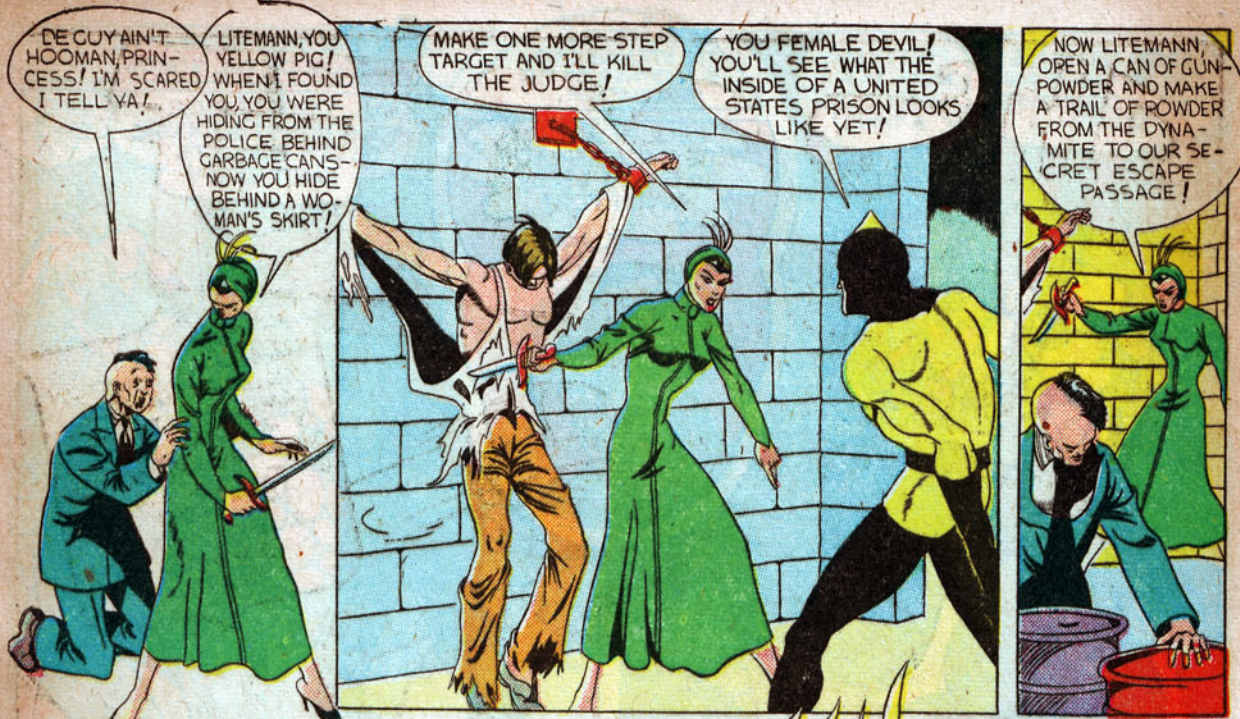


HELP PRINCESS! IT'S - IT'S DE TARGET! HELP!



AFTER HIM BOYS HE'LL LEAD US TO HER!

THE JUDGE! WE'VE GOT TO SAVE HIM ABOVE ALL ELSE!



The CADET

Featuring
KIT CARTER

ON THE DAUNTON
MILITARY SCHOOL
IS RUNNING HIGH
OVER THE APPROACH
OF THE ANNUAL
GRIDIRON
CLASSIC WITH
SHERMAN
HALL...



BY
ART GATES &
JOHN JORDAN

Oh THE FIELD...

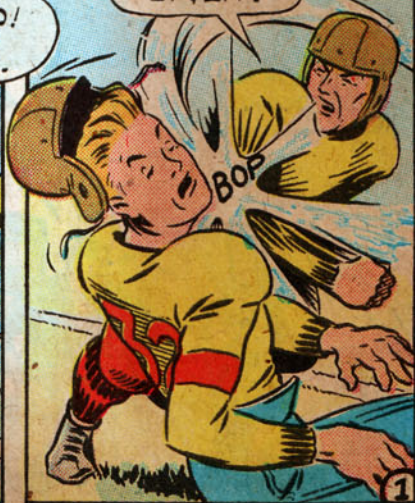
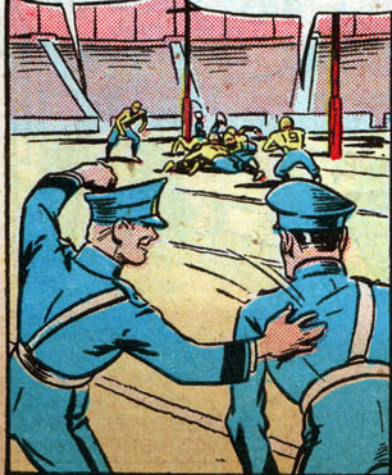
HEY!
WHAT A
TACKLE!

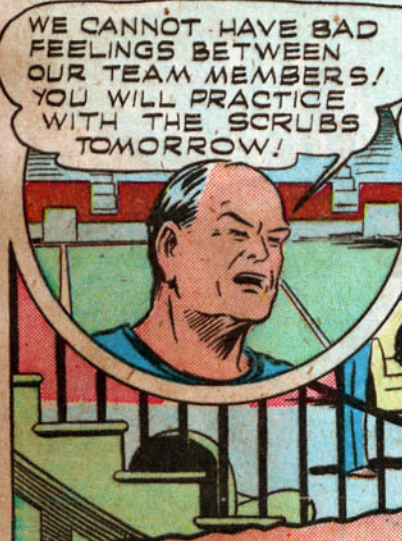
THAT WAS
KIT CARTER!

WHAT ARE YOU
TRYING TO DO...
SHOW OFF?

WHY, NO!
I WAS
JUST...

... JUST TRYING TO
SHOW ME
UP, EH?

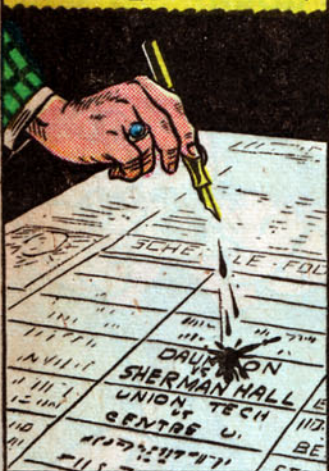




the COACH'S DECISION BECOMES CAMPUS TALK.



A FLICK OF THE WRIST, AND THE PAPER IS SPOTTED WITH INK!



THERE'S OUR GAME! TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THE TEAMS!



I NEVER HEARD OF IT, BUT I'LL TAKE DAUNTON!

THAT EVENING... AT MIKE'S APARTMENT...

YOU BET TEN GRAND? WHAT IF YOU LOSE?

I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE! YOU AND SPIKE WILL SEE TO THAT!



THE NEXT DAY AT DAUNTON...

YES, I'M KIT CARTER!

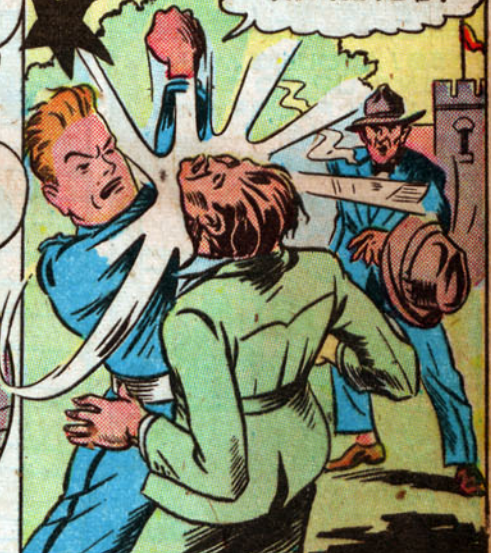
WE HEARD YOU WERE KICKED OFF THE FIRST TEAM!

WE KNOW HOW YOU CAN GET EVEN... AND EARN A NICE PIECE OF DOUGH TOO!

YEH... SELL US YOUR TEAM SIGNALS!

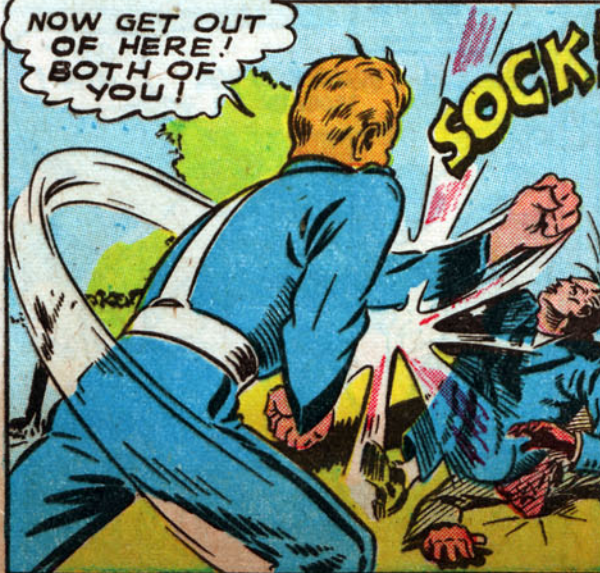


WHY...YOU!



NOW GET OUT OF HERE! BOTH OF YOU!

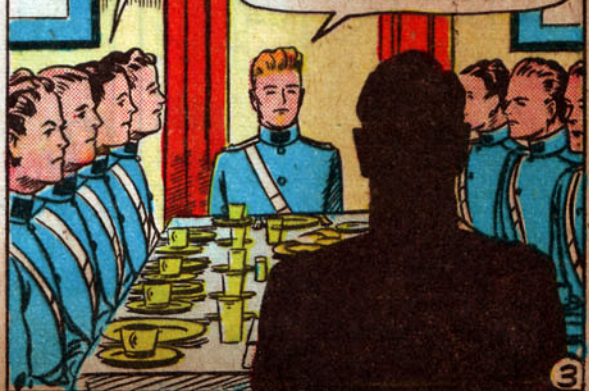
SOCK!



THE MORNING OF THE BIG GAME DAWNS CLEAR AND CRISP.

GOSH... I'M NERVOUS!

SO AM I! WE HAVEN'T BEATEN SHERMAN HALL IN SIX SEASONS!



BREAKFAST OVER, KIT RETURNS TO HIS ROOM...

KIT HURRIES TO SOPHER'S ROOM...

YES! IT SOUNDED IMPORTANT!

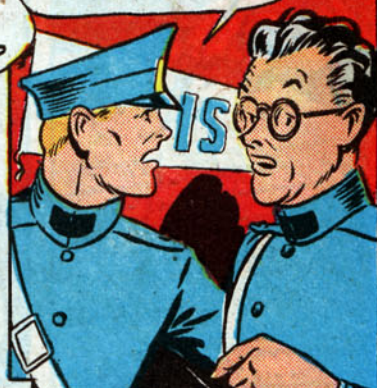
WHAT'S WRONG?

YEH! HE GOT A PHONE-CALL... SAID IT WAS HIS FATHER!

GOSH! I'VE GOT TO GET DOWN THERE RIGHT AWAY!

SOPHER IS MISSING... NO ONE HAS SEEN HIM SINCE LAST NIGHT!

AND HE WENT TO THE HOTEL IN THE VILLAGE?



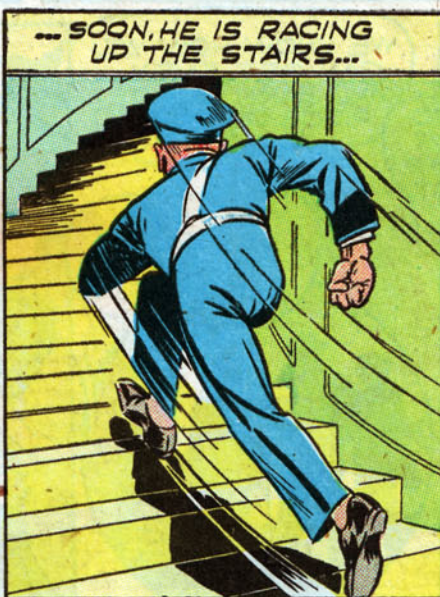
MINUTES LATER... IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...

... SOON, HE IS RACING UP THE STAIRS...

YES! A YOUNG MAN WENT UP TO THE FOURTH FLOOR WITH TWO MEN!

THOSE MEN MUST BE THE SAME ONES WHO TRIED TO GET ME TO SELL THE SIGNALS!

THAT'S HIM! I'M GOING UP!

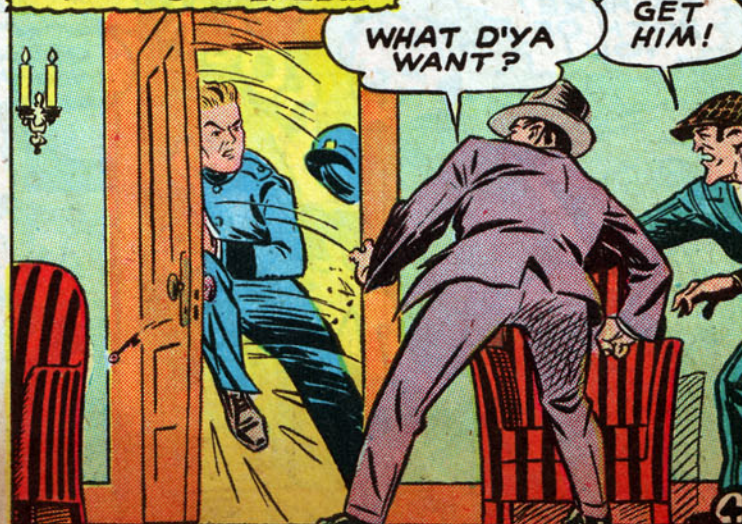
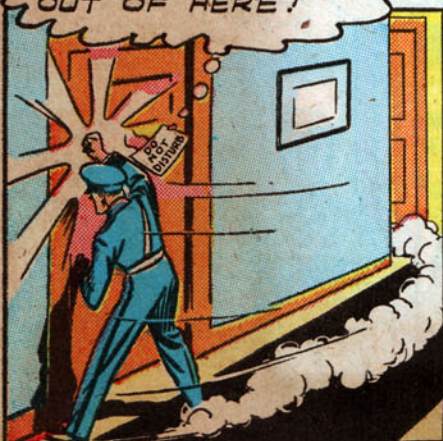


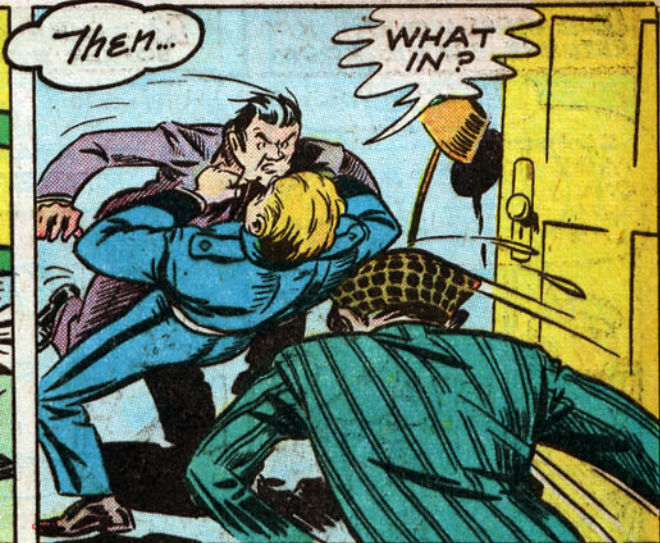
I HATE TO DO THIS... IT MEANS, I WON'T PLAY... BUT THE TEAM NEEDS SOPHER TODAY! I'VE GOT TO GET HIM OUT OF HERE!

WITH ONE HEAVE, THE DOOR IS OPENED...

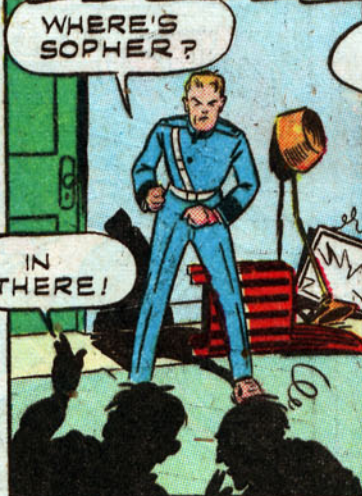
WHAT D'YA WANT?

GET HIM!

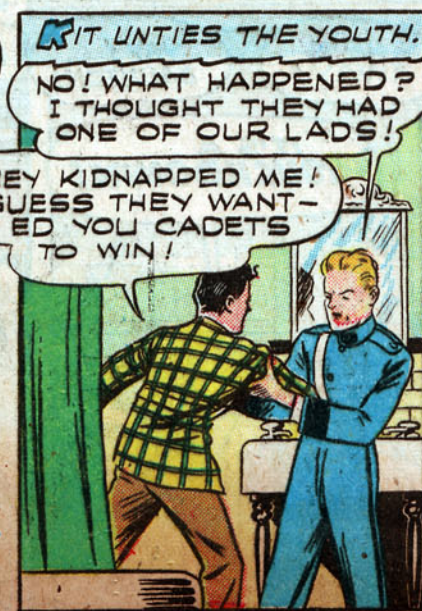




THE CROOKS LOOK AT KIT, FEAR IN THEIR EYES...



UPON OPENING THE DOOR, A STRANGE SIGHT MEETS KIT'S EYES!



THE BOYS ARRIVE BEFORE THE WHISTLE BLOWS.

GOOD LUCK, JERRY!
YOU'LL NEED IT!

IN A FEW MINUTES,
YOU'LL WISH
YOU'D LEFT ME
A PRISONER!



THE DAUNTON COACH
CALLS TO KIT...

KIT... SOPHER HASN'T
RETURNED. YOU'LL
HAVE TO START AS
QUARTERBACK!

I
WONDER
WHERE
SOPHER
IS?



IN THE GRANDSTAND,
THE GAMBLERS AWAIT
THE WHISTLE...

WAL... I SEE YOU
CAME TO SEE
YOURSELF
LOSE!

YOU'RE
WRONG,
MIKE!



THE GAME IS ON!!



THE CROWD ROARS, AS KIT
MAKES THE FIRST TACKLE...



SHERMAN HALL
DAUNTON

1	2	3	4
0	0	0	
0	0	0	

THREE PERIODS
GONE, KIT.
AND NO
SCORE,
YET!

WE'VE
GOT TO
WIN



KIT SIGNALS FOR HIS
NUMBER.

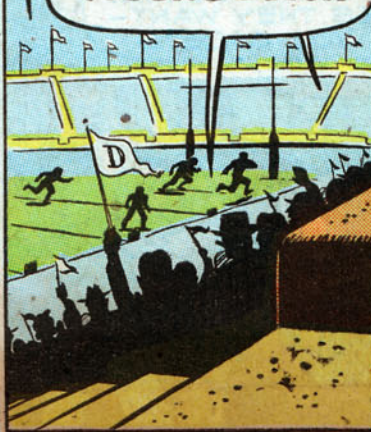


STOP
HIM!

HE'S
AWAY!

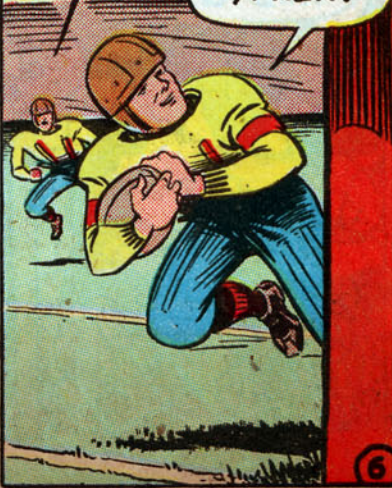
YAY!
DAUNTON!

IT'S A
TOUCHDOWN!



NICE GOING,
KIT!

WHAT
A RUN!



THE GAME ENDS WITH A DAUNTON VICTORY, 6-0!

NICE GAME, KIT!

THANKS, JERRY...

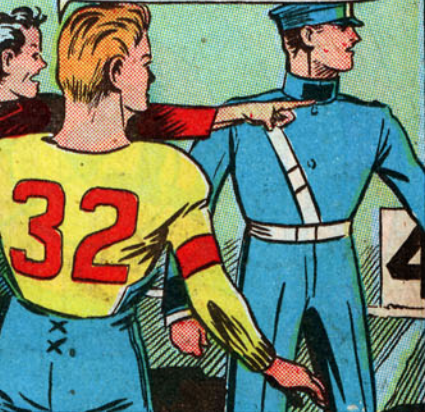
SOPHER!
WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I WAS KIDNAPPED! I JUST ESCAPED FROM A HOTEL ROOM!

40

SO WAS I... AND THERE ARE THE BOYS THAT DID IT!

THEY'RE THE SAME FELLOWS WHO WERE IN THE HOTEL ROOM!



THE GAMBLERS TRY TO GET AWAY... UNSUCCESSFULLY.

OH, NO, YOU DON'T!

WE OUGHT TO TURN THEM OVER TO THE POLICE!

NO!
PLEASE DON'T!

MIKE EBLING APPEARS IN TIME TO HEAR THE ARGUMENT...

SO, LAKEHURST! YOU TRIED TO FIX THE GAME, YOU CHEAT!



SUDDENLY SOPHER STEPS FORWARD...

NO! IT WAS YOU, AND YOUR MEN, WHO KIDNAPPED ME!

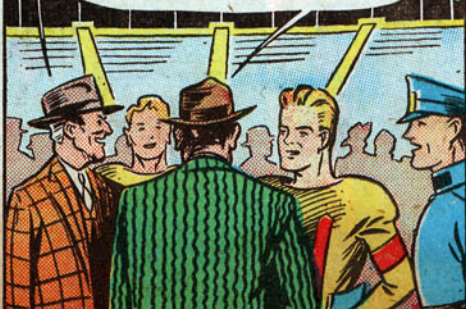


YOU CROOK!

AFTER WHISPERING TO EACH OTHER...

WE HAD \$10,000 BET ON THE GAME... WE BOTH CHEATED, SO...

WE'VE DECIDED TO DIVIDE THE MONEY-50-50 FOR THE ATHLETIC FUND - OF EACH SCHOOL.



LATER, ON A TRAIN, CITY BOUND.

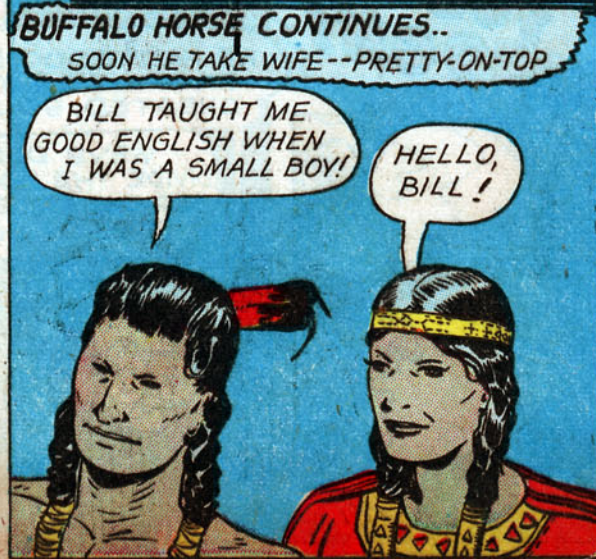
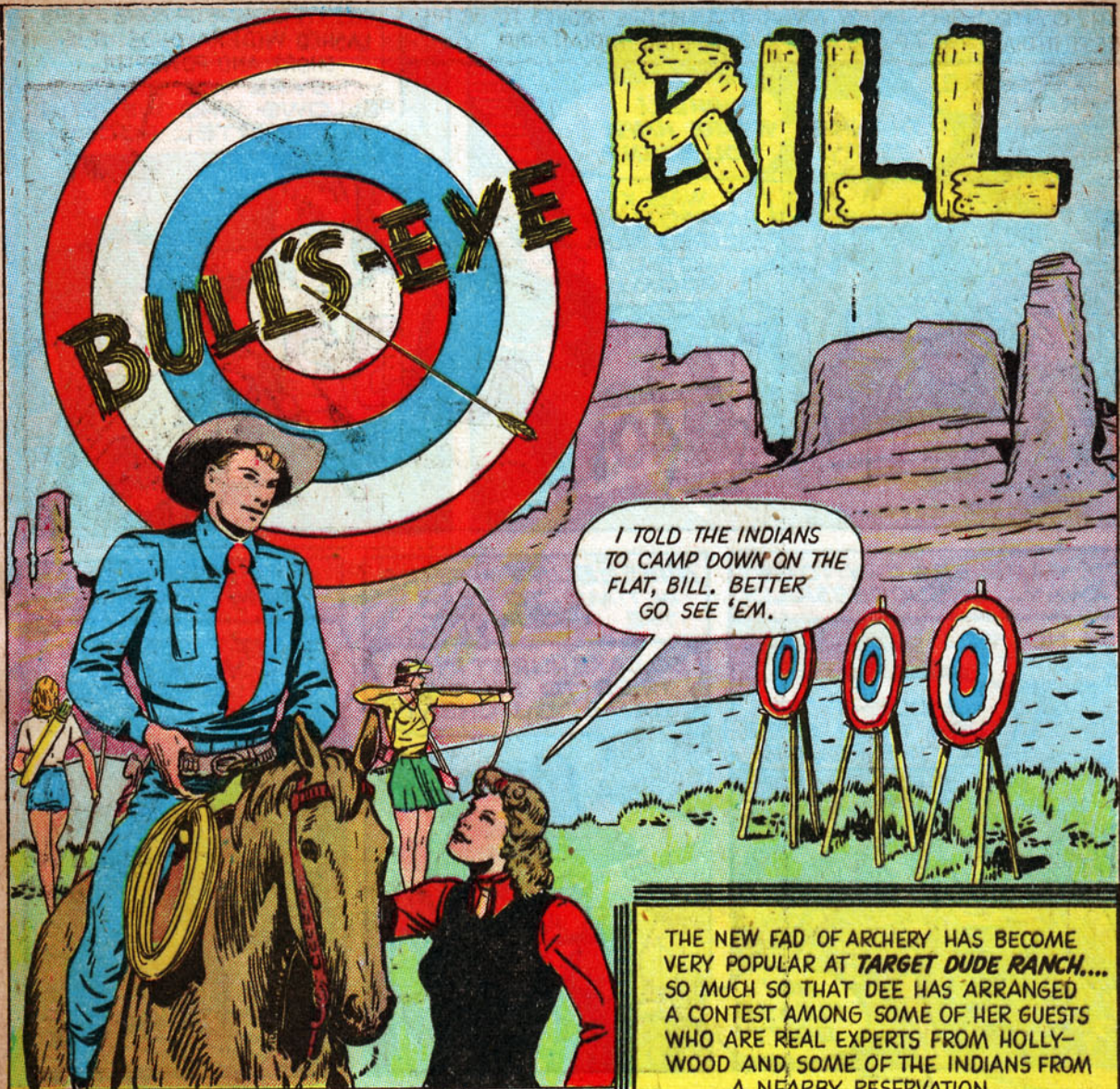
I'LL NEVER GAMBLE AGAIN,

I'LL BET ON THAT, EBLING!

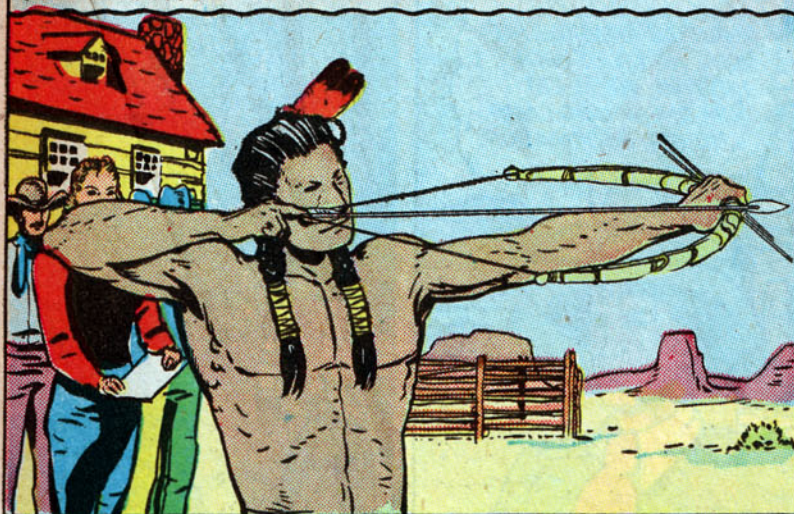
WHAT ODDS WILL YOU GIVE ME?



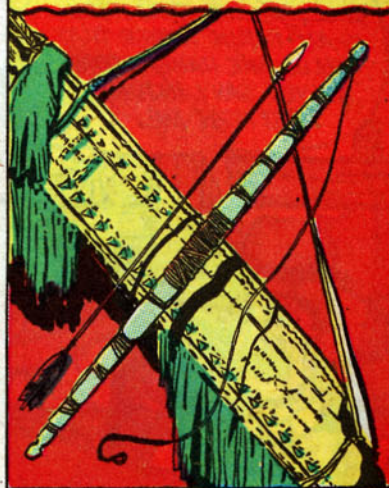
OH, WELL, KIT CARTER IS ALWAYS A GOOD BET!
IN TARGET COMICS!



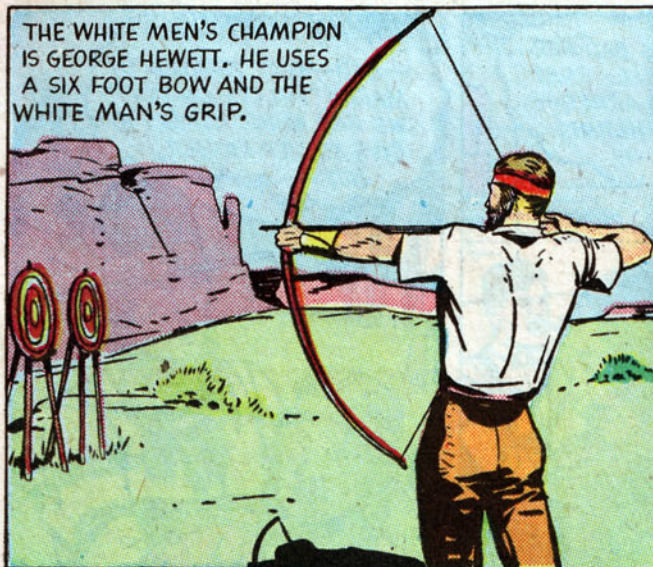
THE CONTEST GETS UNDER WAY AND ANTELOPE PROVES TO BE THE BEST INDIAN ARCHER. HE USES THE OLD-TIME INDIAN GRIP.



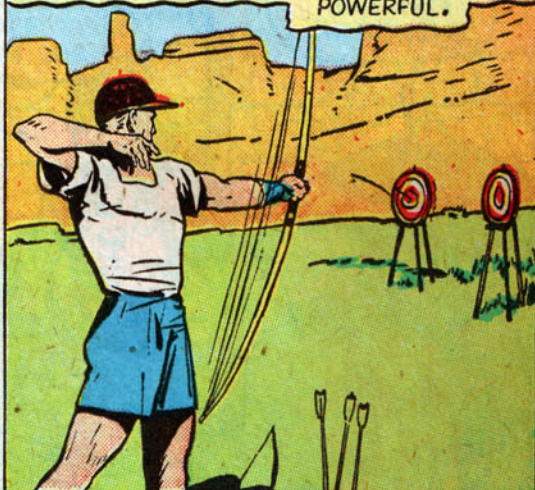
HIS WEAPON IS OF BONE STRIPS LASHED WITH RAWHIDE. IT IS SHORT AND POWERFUL.



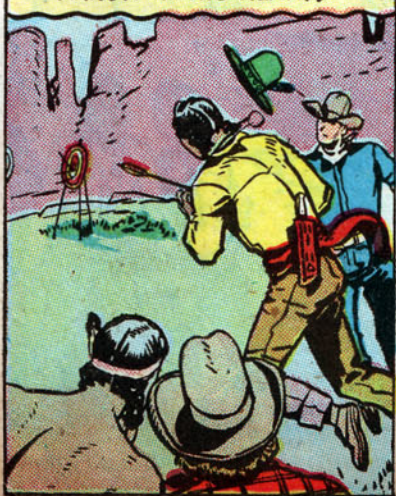
THE WHITE MEN'S CHAMPION IS GEORGE HEWETT. HE USES A SIX FOOT BOW AND THE WHITE MAN'S GRIP.



THE WHITE MEN ARE PROVING MORE ACCURATE THAN THE INDIANS THOUGH NOT AS POWERFUL.



Suddenly ONE OF THE INDIAN SPECTATORS PITCHES FORWARD—AN ARROW IN HIS HEART!

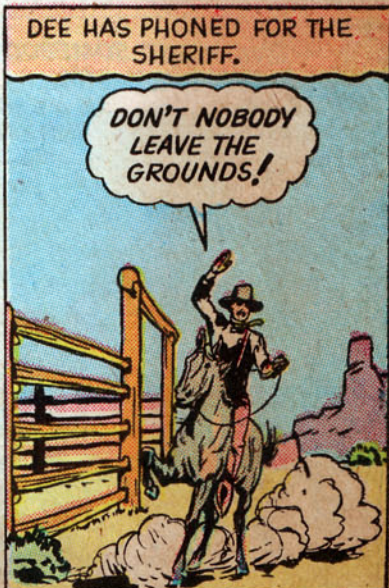


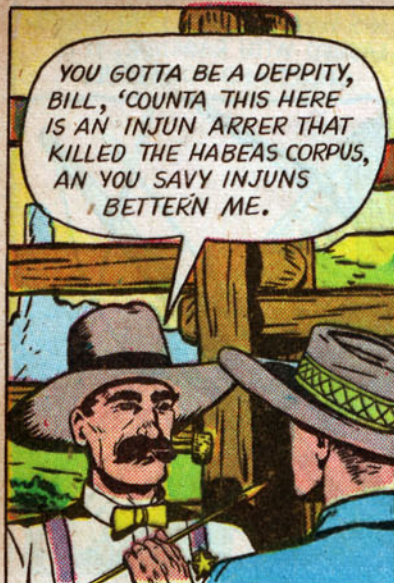
THAT'S BAD MEAT, THE HALF BREED—KEEP THE CROWD BACK, RAWHIDE. HE'S DEAD!



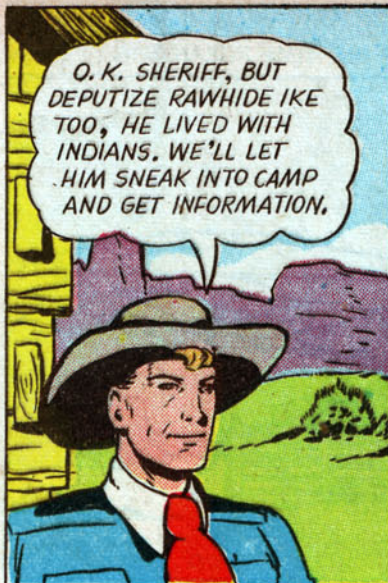
DEE HAS PHONED FOR THE SHERIFF.

DON'T NOBODY LEAVE THE GROUNDS!

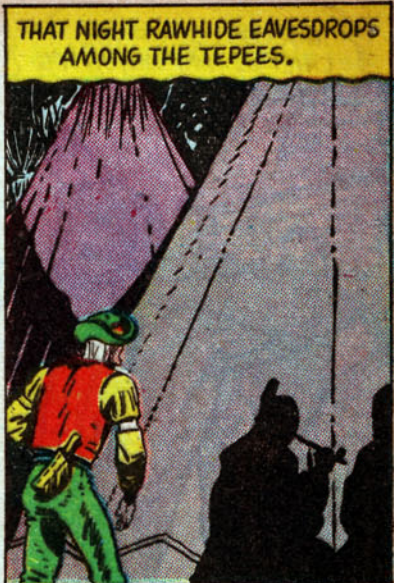




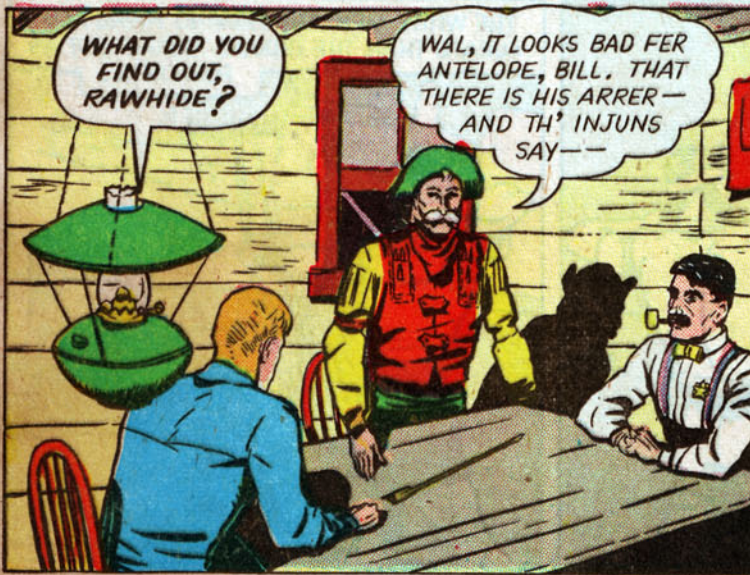
YOU GOTTA BE A DEPPITY, BILL, 'COUNTA THIS HERE IS AN INJUN ARRER THAT KILLED THE HABEAS CORPUS, AN YOU SAVVY INJUNS BETTERN ME.



O. K. SHERIFF, BUT DEPUTIZE RAWHIDE IKE TOO, HE LIVED WITH INDIANS. WE'LL LET HIM SNEAK INTO CAMP AND GET INFORMATION.



THAT NIGHT RAWHIDE EAVESDROPS AMONG THE TEPEES.



WHAT DID YOU FIND OUT, RAWHIDE?

WAL, IT LOOKS BAD FER ANTELOPE, BILL. THAT THERE IS HIS ARRER— AND TH' INJUNS SAY—



RAWHIDE CONTINUES:

—BAD-MEAT WANTED TO MARRY "PRETTY-ON-TOP". HE HAD MANY HORSES TO GIVE TO HER FATHER, BUT—

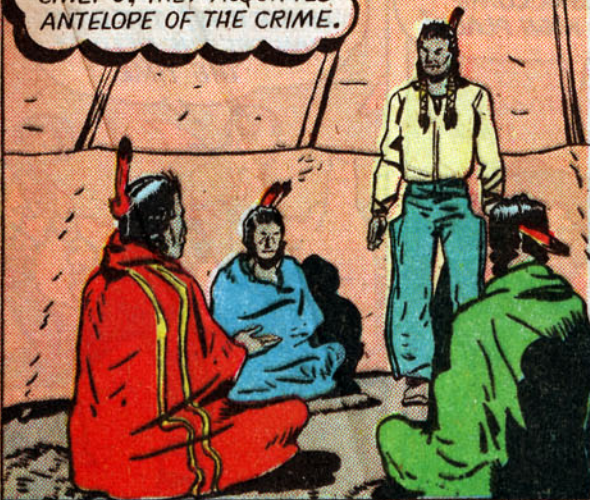


—ONE NIGHT SOMEBODY RUN THEM OFF....



HE ACCUSED ANTELOPE OF RUNNING OFF THE HORSES!

IN A COUNCIL OF THE CHIEF'S, THEY ACQUITTED ANTELOPE OF THE CRIME.



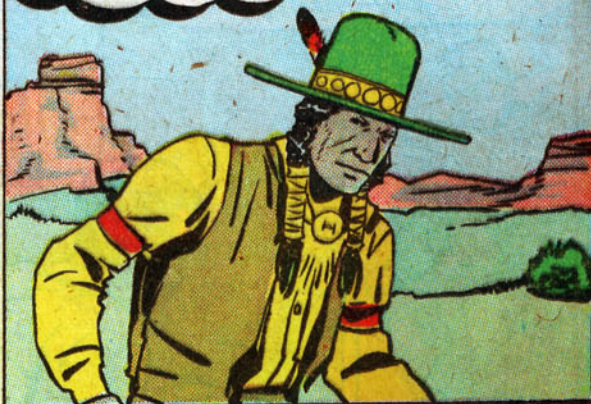
—BUT ONE NIGHT WHEN ANTELOPE WAS RETURNING HOME, SOMEBODY TRIPPED HIS HORSE.



BEFORE HE COULD RISE, HE WAS STABBED IN THE BACK, AND LEFT FOR DEAD, BUT HE CRAWLED HOME AND GOT WELL.



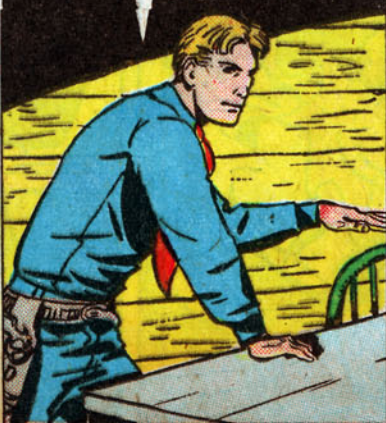
EVERYBODY THINKS BAD-MEAT DONE IT BECAUSE HE DISAPPEARED FOR AWHILE. THEY ALSO SAY HE HAS DONE TIME AT LEAVENWORTH AND WAS A BAD INJUN.



THAT'S ENOUGH FER ME, RAWHIDE! BILL YOU GOTTA GO DOWN THAR AN' BRING MR. ANTELOPE TO TRIAL!

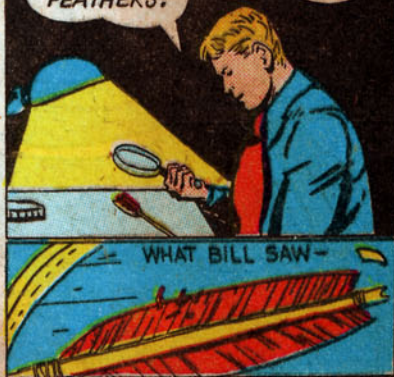


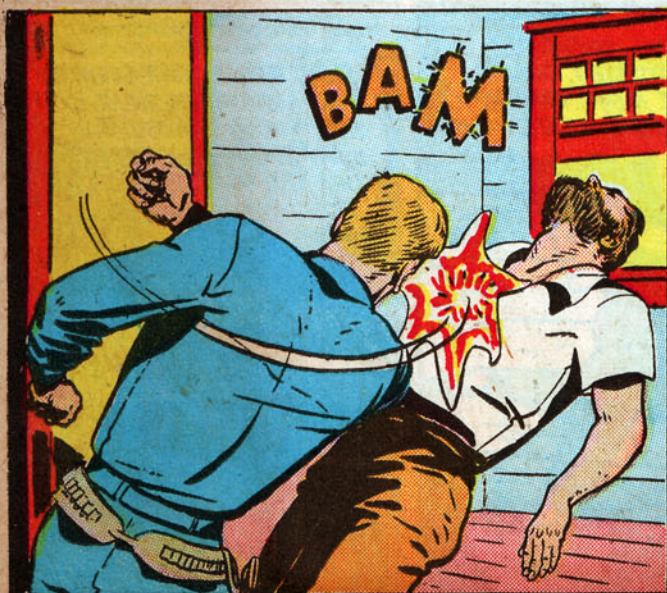
HOLD ON, SHERIFF! I AIN'T SATISFIED, GIMME A LITTLE MORE TIME AN' I'LL DOPE IT OUT.

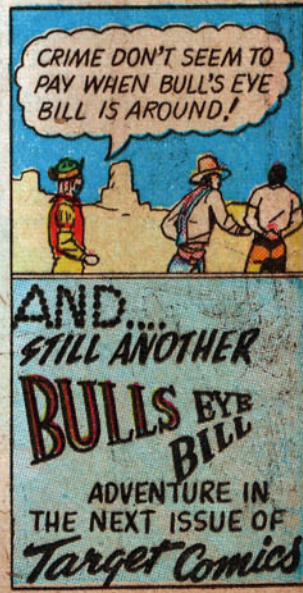
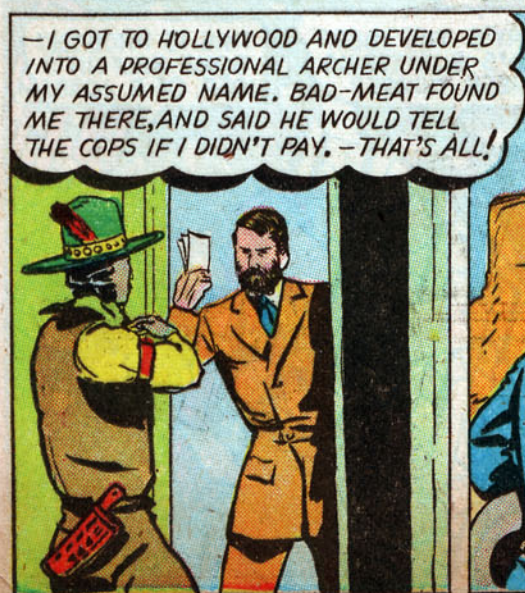


BILL USES HIS HEAD....

BOY, HERE'S SOMETHING! THAT INDIAN ARROW WAS SHOT FROM A WHITE MAN'S BOW! THERE'S RED VELVET OFF THE HAND GRIP ON THE FEATHERS.



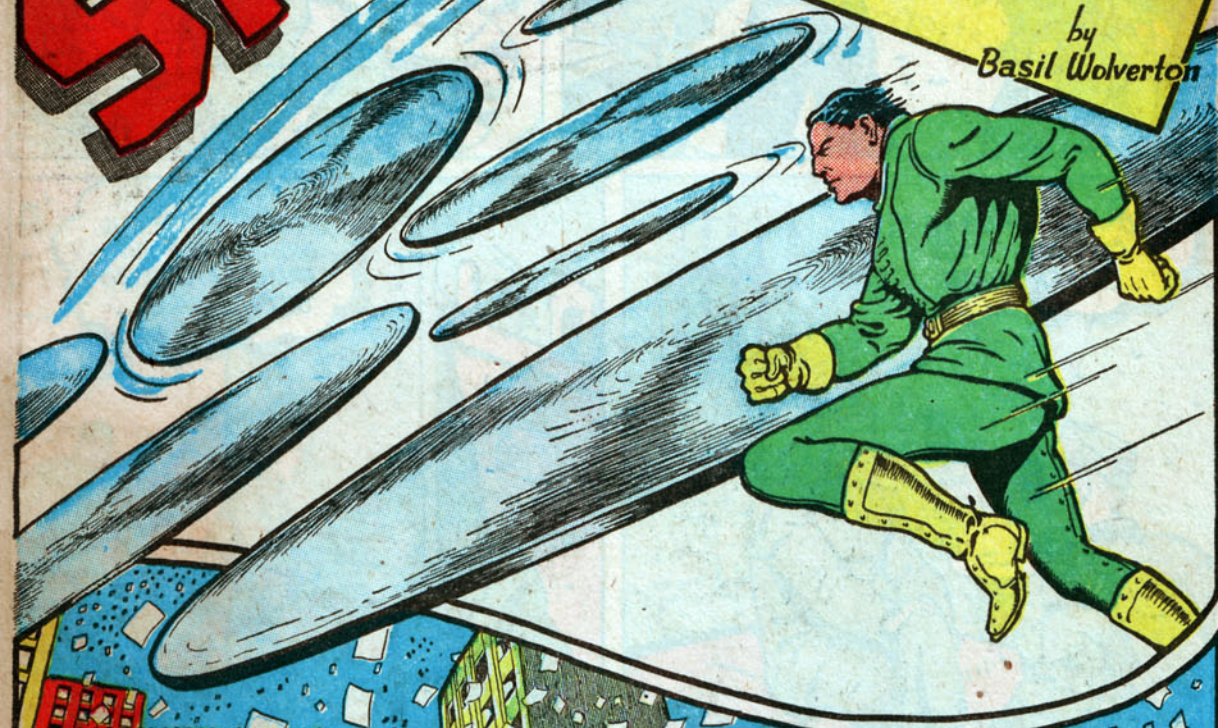




OUT OF THE SKIES COME... **SPACE HAWK**

AND THE DISKS OF DEATH

by
Basil Wolverton



IT IS NOON IN
SAN FRANCISCO.
SUDDENLY THE
SKY IS FILLED
WITH THOUSANDS
OF LEAFLETS
APPEARING
MYSTERIOUSLY
OUT OF THE BLUE!

WHAT'S THE IDEA?
WHO'S SCATTERING
THESE THINGS?

THIS IS PROBABLY
SOME HALFWIT'S
IDEA OF A JOKE!

WARNING!



WARNING!

Within a few minutes death and terror will visit this city! It is a sample of the fate that will overtake every city in this nation -- unless all aid to Britain is stopped immediately! Why bring suffering on yourselves? Think it over!

EXCITED THOUSANDS READ THE LEAFLETS...

PEOPLE LOOK UP AND SCREAM IN TERROR!

BUNK! THIS SORT OF THING DOESN'T SCARE ME!

PROPAGANDA! THIS IS NOTHING BUT A SCHEME TO-

LOOK! — COMING OUT OF THE SKY!

CRASH!

A GIGANTIC SHAPE ROARS DOWN WITH THE SPEED OF A METEOR AND PLUNGES INTO THE CITY, KNIFING THRU BUILDINGS AND TOPPLING THEM INTO THE STREETS!

PANIC-STRICKEN PEOPLE FLEE FROM THE WRECKED ZONE. BUT ONE OUTSTANDING FIGURE, WHO HAS JUST EMERGED FROM A RESTAURANT, CALMLY SURVEYS THE SITUATION...

SOMETHING LIKE THIS WOULD HAVE TO HAPPEN JUST WHEN I COME TO EARTH FOR A LITTLE RELAXATION! I MUST GET BACK UP TO MY SHIP!

LOOK AT THAT MAN! HE'S FLYING!

THE "FLYING" MAN IS THE MYSTERIOUS SPACEHAWK WHO, BY MEANS OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, STREAKS UP TO HIS SPACE-SHIP IN THE STRATOSPHERE, AND FROM THERE SCANS THE SKIES WITH HIS ELECTROSCOPE...

I SEE THE TROUBLE- AND PLENTY OF IT!

FALLING BUILDINGS! A FLYING MAN! I MUST BE GOOFY!

SPACEHAWK'S SHIP ROARS ACROSS THE SKY....

I'M AFRAID SAN FRANCISCO IS IN FOR MORE DESTRUCTION — UNLESS I CAN ACT QUICKLY!

WEARING AN OXYGEN MASK, SO THAT HE CAN BREATHE FREELY IN THE STRATOSPHERE, SPACEHAWK LEAVES HIS SHIP IN THE HANDS OF A MIND-CONTROLLED ROBOT, AND LEAPS DOWN TOWARD THE DESTRUCTIVE THING THAT HOVERS OVER SAN FRANCISCO!





HE LANDS ATOP A STRANGE
AND GIGANTIC SHIP — A
VERITABLE "FLYING WING"!

I'LL HIDE
BACK HERE IN THE
TAIL ASSEMBLY, AND
PERHAPS I CAN BURN OFF
THE PROPELLERS WITH MY
BLAST GUN!

AT THAT MOMENT—
INSIDE THE SHIP....

NOW TO LAUNCH THE DISK FROM THE
OTHER WING! THEN BACK TO THE
FATHERLAND FOR TWO MORE DISKS!
WE'LL GIVE AMERICA SOMETHING TO
WORRY ABOUT!

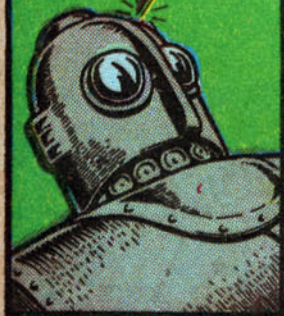
AND THEY'LL
NEVER KNOW
JUST HOW
IT HAPPENED!

A MAMMOTH SAW-TOOTHED
DISK SLIPS FROM THE RIGHT WING...

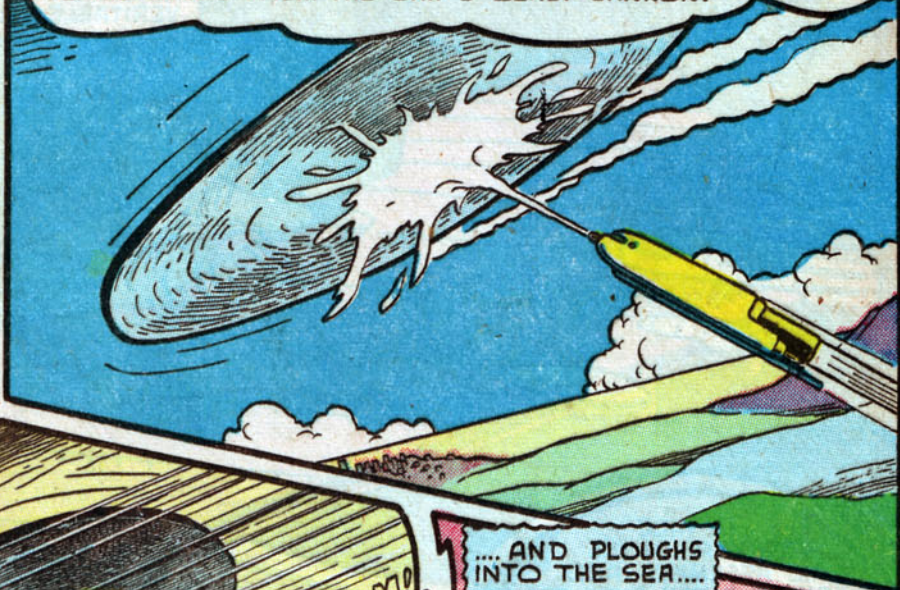
ROCKETS, BUILT
IN THE RIM, GO
INTO ACTION,
SPINNING THE
DISK IN PIN-WHEEL
FASHION!

GREAT GALAXIES!
THAT'S THE KIND OF
THING THAT CUT THRU
SAN FRANCISCO'S
BUILDINGS — A GIANT
CIRCULAR SAW
REVOLVING AT HIGH
SPEED! WELL — THIS
ONE ISN'T GOING TO
STRIKE THE CITY!

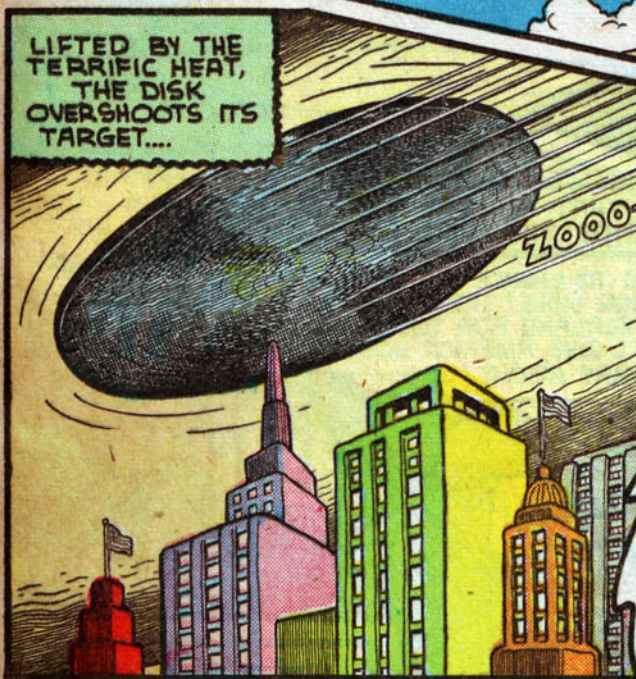
SPACEHAWK FLASHES A THOUGHT-COMMAND TO THE PILOT OF HIS SHIP....



THE ROBOT OBEYS. HE DIVES THE SPACE-SHIP AND ZOOMS UP UNDER THE DISK THAT HURTLES TOWARD SAN FRANCISCO. FLAME SPEWS FROM THE SHIP'S BLAST-CANNON.



LIFTED BY THE TERRIFIC HEAT, THE DISK OVERSHOTS ITS TARGET....



.... AND PLOUGHS INTO THE SEA....



THAT DID IT! AND NOW, BEFORE I CRASH THIS CRATE, I'M GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE SESSION WITH THE CREW!



SPACEHAWK BATTERS HIS WAY INTO THE REAR COMPARTMENT OF THE CABIN....



STOP HIM BEFORE HE BREAKS INTO THE OTHER COMPARTMENTS!

DON'T WIND YOURSELF, BUD! YOU'RE GOING TO NEED YOUR BREATH!

THE AIR!—IT'S ESCAPING!

HELP! MY LUNGS ARE BURSTING!

WAPP!

UP IN THE CONTROL ROOM....

DIVE HER, QUICK! THERE MUST BE A BREAK IN THE REAR COMPARTMENT! THE AIR GAUGE REGISTERS ZERO FOR THAT SECTION!

THE MIGHTY CRAFT NOSES OVER.....

THEY'RE DIVING DOWN FOR AIR! I CAN'T LET THEM DO THAT!

THE COMMANDER SEES SPACEHAWK COMING THRU THE CORRIDOR....

A STOWAWAY!

I'LL FIX HIM!

SPACEHAWK SUDDENLY FINDS HIMSELF IN SPACE AS THE HINGED FLOOR DROPS FROM BENEATH HIM....

HE MAKES QUICK USE OF HIS ANTI-GRAVITY BELT, AND SPRINGS BACK UP TO SEIZE THE SHIP'S TAIL....

WHEW! THAT WAS CLOSE!

WHOEVER THAT WAS, WE'VE SEEN THE LAST OF HIM! NOW GO BACK THERE AND FIND OUT WHAT THE TROUBLE IS!

SPACEHAWK CRAWLS BACK UP ON THE SHIP....

SUDDENLY—

THOUGHT YOU'D LOST ME, EH?

SHOOT HIM!

CRASH!

IF IT'S FIREWORKS YOU WANT, COME AND GET IT!

SPLAT!

CLUNK!

AND NOW, JUST SO YOU MUGS CAN'T SAY I NEVER DID ANYTHING FOR YOU, I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU ALL HOME!

SPACEHAWK PILOTS THE HUGE PLANE BACK INTO THE STRATOSPHERE, AND HEADS FOR EUROPE....

HOURS LATER, HIS KEEN EYES SPOT A VAST, CAMOUFLAGED LANDING FIELD....

THIS MUST BE IT!

HE BOLDLY LANDS AND REMOVES THE DAZED AND INJURED CREW.

ALL OUT! THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!

AIRPORT OFFICERS ARE BEWILDERED....

THE SHIP'S TAKING OFF!

WHAT'S THE IDEA? SOME ONE SHOVED THE CREW OUT! THEY SEEM TO BE HURT!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

STOP IT!

DON'T WORRY! YOU'LL GET YOUR SHIP BACK — IN PIECES!

SPACEHAWK CIRCLES FOR ALTITUDE, THEN NOSES THE CRAFT STRAIGHT TOWARD THE FIELD, AND.....

NOW'S THE TIME TO BAIL OUT!

SPACEHAWK ZIPS BACK TO THE SKY, TO MEET HIS SPACE-SHIP....

SO LONG, KILLERS! NEXT TIME YOU COME TO THE STRATOSPHERE, BE SURE TO LOOK ME UP!

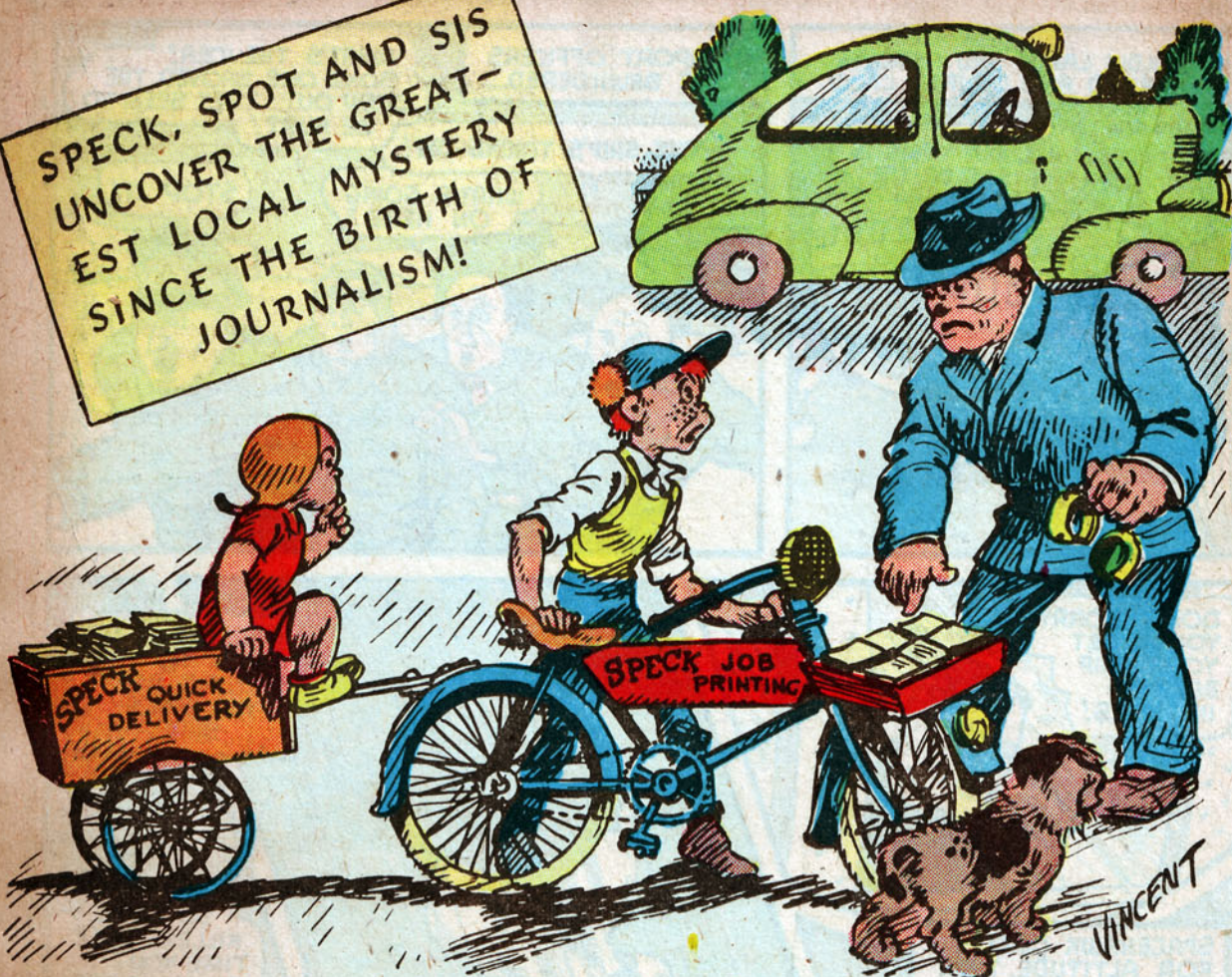
CRASH!

ACH! A BILLION MARKS IT COST, AND THERE IT GOES!

NEXT MONTH

Spacehawk AGAIN COMES TO EARTH FOR A RIP-ROARING ADVENTURE IN **TARGET COMICS**

SPECK, SPOT AND SIS
UNCOVER THE GREAT-
EST LOCAL MYSTERY
SINCE THE BIRTH OF
JOURNALISM!



SPECK TURNS SLEUTH

HHEY, KID!" A big man in a dark sedan called in to Speck, busy at work on his second-hand printing press. "How'd you like to do a little printing job for me?"

"Swell!" The face of the jubilant Speck lighted up at this unexpected bit of business. He quickly ran out to the car. "What is it?"

"Here's the copy for a simple bulletin I want printed up. I'm a brush salesman and I want to contact my old customers by mail before I get to their towns. Sort of a gentle reminder. Think you can do it?"

"Sure I can!" Speck liked the looks of the great, dark, smiling man before him. He resolved to do a particularly good job for him.

BY RAY GILL

"Good enough," the man said as he stooped to get back into his automobile, "I'll be around here tomorrow for the proofs—I'll pay you then!"

"YIPPEEE!" Speck ran back into the *press room* wildly waving the precious piece of paper. "Hey, Spot, Sis! Look what I've got! Let's get to work right away!"

They worked until dark on the brush advertisements, until the slogans, "Make a clean sweep of the community with our brushes!"—and "Watch our brushes bristle as they work!"—stuck in their minds like glue. Speck mulled over these slogans until the work was finished and

they retired to the house.

"How much money is the man going to pay us, Speck?" Sis had the true business approach.

"I don't know yet," Speck suddenly looked worried. "Gosh, suppose he's just playing a trick on us—suppose he doesn't come back in the morning. We'll lose all the money we spent on the paper and ink!"

"See," Sis started to rub it in in her cute *little sister* manner. "Maybe next time you'll be smart enough to get a deposit."

"Aw! Don't be so mercy-nary, Sis!" Speck didn't want his little sister to think he had done anything dumb. "Besides, he looked like an honest fella..."

"I didn't think so!" Sis always seemed so sure of herself. "He looked sort of big and mysterious

to me—even when he smiled . . . it was more like he was laughing at us than smiling. Now that I think about it—he almost gave me the creeps when he looked at me for a minute!”

“Ha! Ha!” Speck got a big kick out of Sis’s active imagination. “Next you’ll be telling me he really is a kidnapper, or something. Don’t let your thoughts run away with you like that!”

Squelched, Sis went about her housework, mumbling something about ‘getting even’—and ‘you’ll see’.

Next morning, bright and early, the big sedan beeped its horn in front of the barn where Speck and Sis were already starting to collect the proofs they had spread around to dry overnight. “Got those ready, kids? We’re in a big hurry!” The big man didn’t get out of the car this time.

“Comin’ right up, Sir!” Speck was happy to see that his judgment of human nature was still at par. “Red hot—right off the griddle!”

“Here,” the big man reached out with a few small bills. “Take this for now. I’ll be back this afternoon with these throwaways all folded . . . and with little coupons inside—for a ah, *premium* I’m giving away. Then you kids can distribute them for me . . . and I’ll pay you the rest of the money.” With that he took the proofs and drove off in a cloud of dust.

Sis, standing back in the shadows of the barn was taking all this in. “Humph! Pay us later, will he? Humph!”

TRUE to his word, the driver of the big sedan pulled up to the barn that afternoon and the neatly folded broadsides were handed out—with strict instructions for distributing them to as many houses as possible in the next town, the man paid off in full and waved goodbye.

“There!” Speck reprimanded his little sister. “What did I tell you? He came back and paid us in full! Now, maybe, next time

you won’t be so got-darned suspicious of people.”

Sis had no reply.

They industriously went to work and rigged up a trailer on Speck’s bike for the trip to the next town where the folders were to be distributed. Speck arranged so that Sis and Spot could ride in the trailer with the throwaways. All set, they started out.

A few hours later, we find our three young friends almost finished—they have only a few of the circulars left.

“How many have we got now?” Speck called to his assistant.

“Ten . . .” But Sis cut her report off as a large green car came screeching to a stop next to them on the street. Three men jumped out and demanded to know what they were distributing.

Speck explained, but one of the men had already opened one of the folders,—Speck had been careful not to open them for fear of losing the coupons. Suddenly the man roared to his companions. “This is conclusive evidence! These kids are foreign agents! Spies!”

Speck started to laugh—Then he realized that the big fellow—obviously a police detective—was not fooling. Then one of the other detectives spoke. His voice didn’t sound quite so ferocious as that of the first,—but he too, was very serious.

“Come now, Haggarty, certainly you don’t think these kids are really . . .”

“I can only believe what my eyes tell me!” The first detective said. Then turning to Speck and Sis, “Just where did you get these papers?”

Speck swallowed hard and finally blurted out, “Why, we—that is, I printed them . . . why?”

“AH HA!” ‘Ah-ha’d the big fellow. “He admits that he printed them himself! This situation is much too grave and serious to even consider the tender ages of these prisoners!”

“All right, Haggarty, just as you say.” The other detective proceeded to take Speck’s and

Sis’s home address. “I’ll check up on their printing equipment. You take them back to headquarters . . . and get in touch with the F. B. I. immediately! There certainly is conclusive evidence here!”

Speck and Sis—and even little Spot, were whisked away in the big green police car—with their bike and trailer hooked to the rear. They were placed in a dark room in the old police station and told to sit there until the detectives could check on the press and find out if they had really done the printing.

Completely bewildered, Speck tried and tried to figure out what they had done that was so wrong. Finally, he hit on an idea! He called the officer standing guard just outside the large wooden door.

OFFICER, please—may I see one of those circulars we—I mean I, was distributing?” Speck didn’t want to get Sis mixed up in it if he could help it.

“Sure, Kid,” the officer handed Speck one of the papers. “But handle it carefully,—it’s *dynamite*!”

Speck, hands trembling, opened the folds—and out fell a strange looking green paper. He picked it up and studied it hard . . . suddenly the stark realization hit him in the face! “Omigosh! Sis, now we’re in for it! We’ve been distributing foreign propaganda! That fellow tricked us into thinking we were just handing out brush advertisements.”

Speck sat down hard on the long wooden bench with Sis. “We’re really in a spot now—and when they find out that we *did* print these things they’ll . . . gosh! What *will* they do?”

YES, WHAT WILL THE POLICE AND THE F. B. I. DO WITH OUR YOUNG FRIENDS? IT SURE LOOKS BAD FOR THEM NOW!

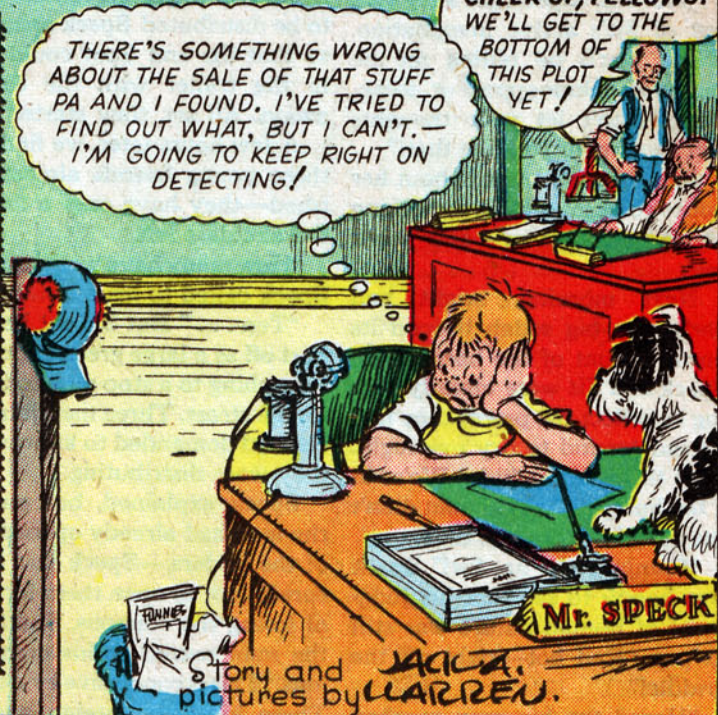
To be continued in the next issue.

SPECK SPOT and SIS..

Speck owns a third interest in a printing house that publishes funny magazines.—He and his father found something on the beach which they thought to be valuable, but have just been told, over the telephone, that it is worthless! Add onto this the fact that his big sister has given up her job (expecting the family to supply her with money). She is trying to make Speck buy her a super de-luxe car! She says "AND DEFINITELY!"—ISN'T THIS A HEADACHE FOR ANY BIG BUSINESS MAN?

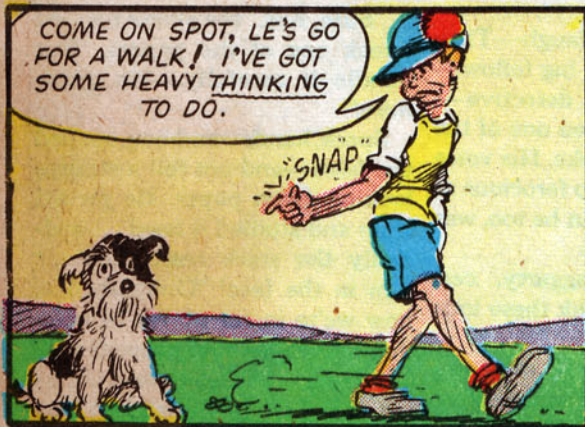
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG ABOUT THE SALE OF THAT STUFF PA AND I FOUND. I'VE TRIED TO FIND OUT WHAT, BUT I CAN'T.—I'M GOING TO KEEP RIGHT ON DETECTING!

CHEER UP, FELLOWS! WE'LL GET TO THE BOTTOM OF THIS PLOT YET!



COME ON SPOT, LET'S GO FOR A WALK! I'VE GOT SOME HEAVY THINKING TO DO.

"SNAP"

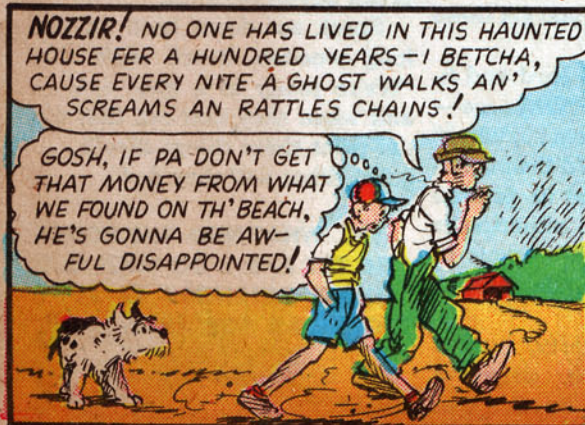


HEY, SPECK! WHERE YE GOIN'? I DARE YOU TO WALK OUT TO TH' HAUNTED HOUSE WITH ME.



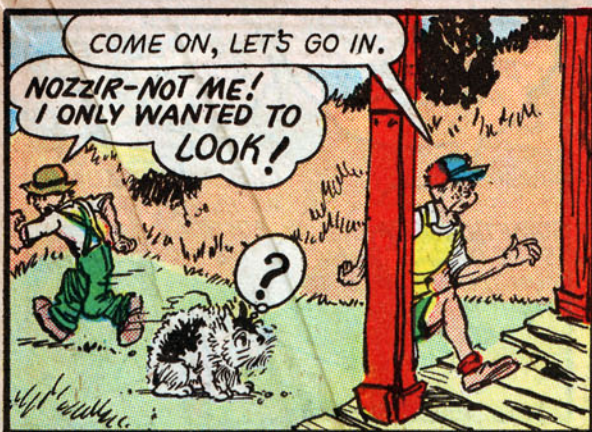
NOZZIR! NO ONE HAS LIVED IN THIS HAUNTED HOUSE FER A HUNDRED YEARS—I BETCHA, CAUSE EVERY NITE A GHOST WALKS AN' SCREAMS AN' RATTLES CHAINS!

GOSH, IF PA DON'T GET THAT MONEY FROM WHAT WE FOUND ON TH' BEACH, HE'S GONNA BE AWFUL DISAPPOINTED!



WELL, THERE'TIS—THE OLD FOLKS SAY A MAN MURDERED HIS WIFE AN' SEVEN KIDS IN THERE—LONG TIME AGO.

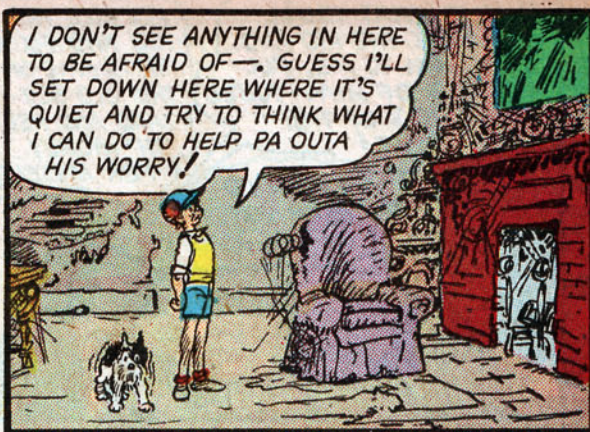




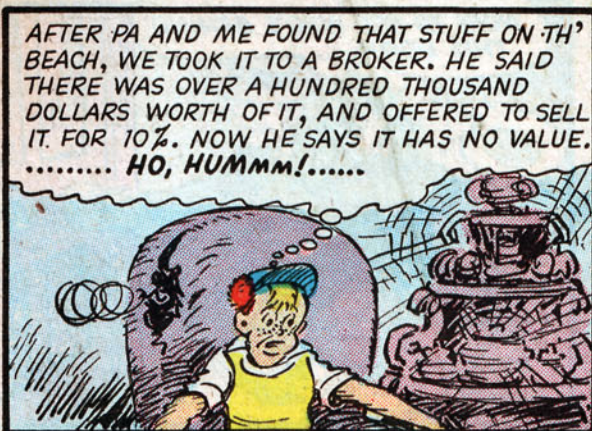
COME ON, LET'S GO IN.

NOZZIR-NOT ME!
I ONLY WANTED TO
LOOK!

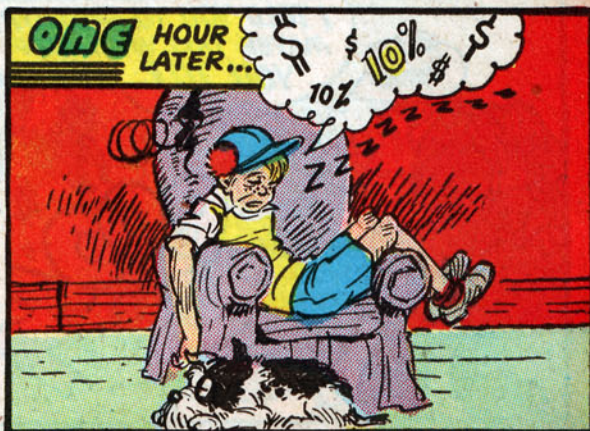
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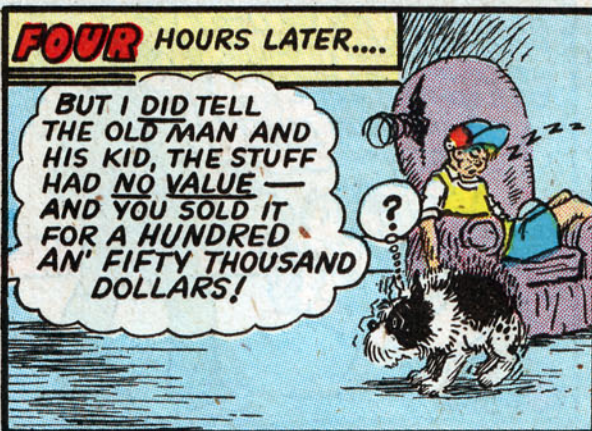
I DON'T SEE ANYTHING IN HERE
TO BE AFRAID OF—. GUESS I'LL
SET DOWN HERE WHERE IT'S
QUIET AND TRY TO THINK WHAT
I CAN DO 'TO HELP PA OUTA
HIS WORRY!



AFTER PA AND ME FOUND THAT STUFF ON TH'
BEACH, WE TOOK IT TO A BROKER. HE SAID
THERE WAS OVER A HUNDRED THOUSAND
DOLLARS WORTH OF IT, AND OFFERED TO SELL
IT. FOR 10%. NOW HE SAYS IT HAS NO VALUE.
..... HO, HUMMM!.....

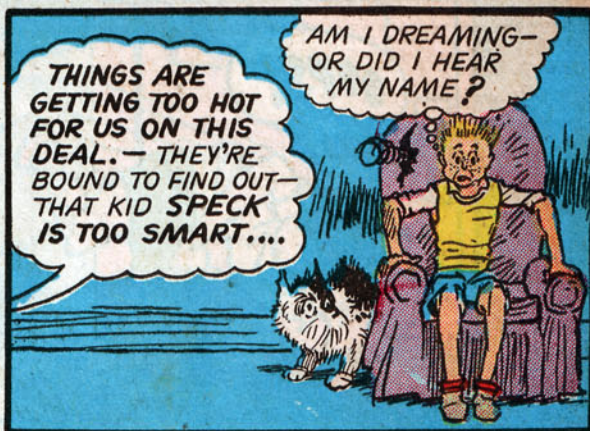


ONE HOUR LATER... \$ 10% \$ 10% \$ 10%



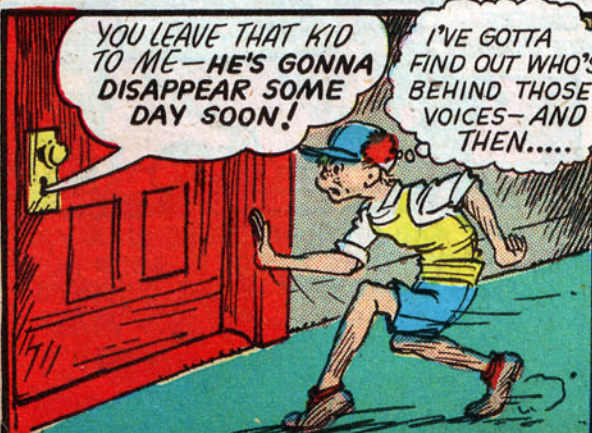
FOUR HOURS LATER....

BUT I DID TELL
THE OLD MAN AND
HIS KID, THE STUFF
HAD NO VALUE —
AND YOU SOLD IT
FOR A HUNDRED
AN' FIFTY THOUSAND
DOLLARS!



THINGS ARE
GETTING TOO HOT
FOR US ON THIS
DEAL. — THEY'RE
BOUND TO FIND OUT—
THAT KID SPECK
IS TOO SMART....

AM I DREAMING—
OR DID I HEAR
MY NAME?



YOU LEAVE THAT KID
TO ME—HE'S GONNA
DISAPPEAR SOME
DAY SOON!

I'VE GOTTA
FIND OUT WHO'S
BEHIND THOSE
VOICES—AND
THEN.....



No! No!—I'LL
NOT BE MIXED
UP IN A
MURDER!

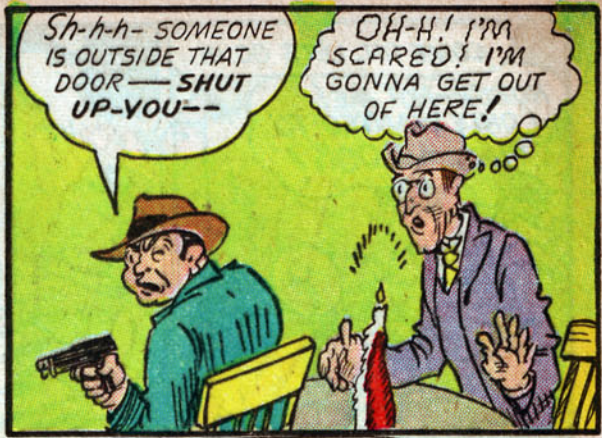
LISTEN, YOU DRIED
UP OLD BUZZARD!
YOU'LL DO AS
I SAY—
OR ELSE!..



THIS IS WHAT YOU'LL DO...! GET THE KID AND BRING HIM TO ME. I'LL GET RID OF HIM-YOU'LL GET 20% OF THE LOOT!

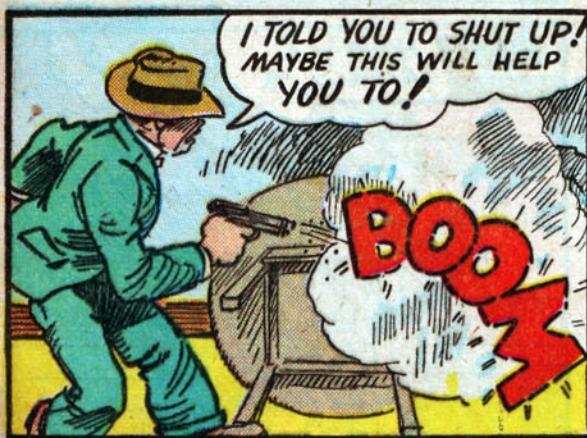
I WISH I'D BEEN HONEST ON THIS DEAL!

I'LL KILL TH' KID AND FIX TH' BLAME ON THIS OLD BUZZARD AND KEEP TH' MONEY FOR MYSELF!



Sh-h-h- SOMEONE IS OUTSIDE THAT DOOR—SHUT UP-YOU--

OH-H! I'M SCARED! I'M GONNA GET OUT OF HERE!

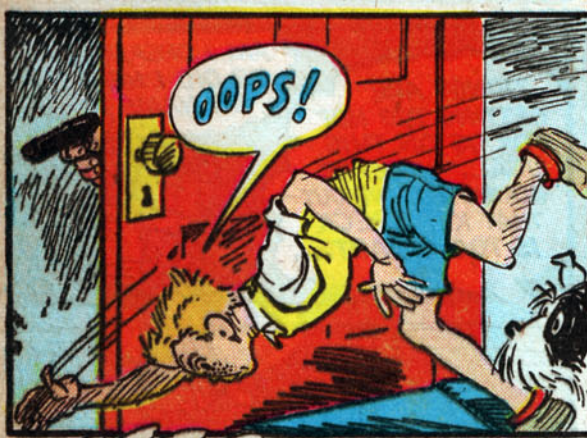


I TOLD YOU TO SHUT UP! MAYBE THIS WILL HELP YOU TO!

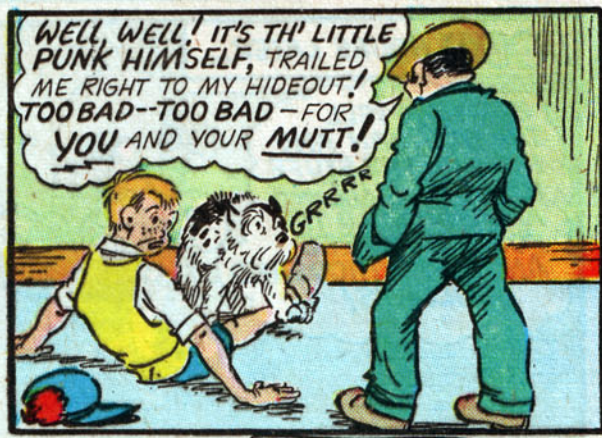
BOOOO



NOW TO SEE WHO'S BEHIND THIS DOOR....



OOPS!



WELL, WELL! IT'S TH' LITTLE PUNK HIMSELF, TRAILED ME RIGHT TO MY HIDEOUT! TOO BAD--TOO BAD--FOR YOU AND YOUR MUTT!

GRRRR



HELP! CALL OFF YER DOG! BEFORE I KILL HIM



COMERE-- NICE DOGGIE!

WELL, HE GETS Speck, BUT...

Speck and Spot, -it looks like you both are going to get rubbed out! You've no idea into whose clutches you have fallen. You may find out in next issue of **TARGET Comics.**

DOOM
OVER
NEW
YORK

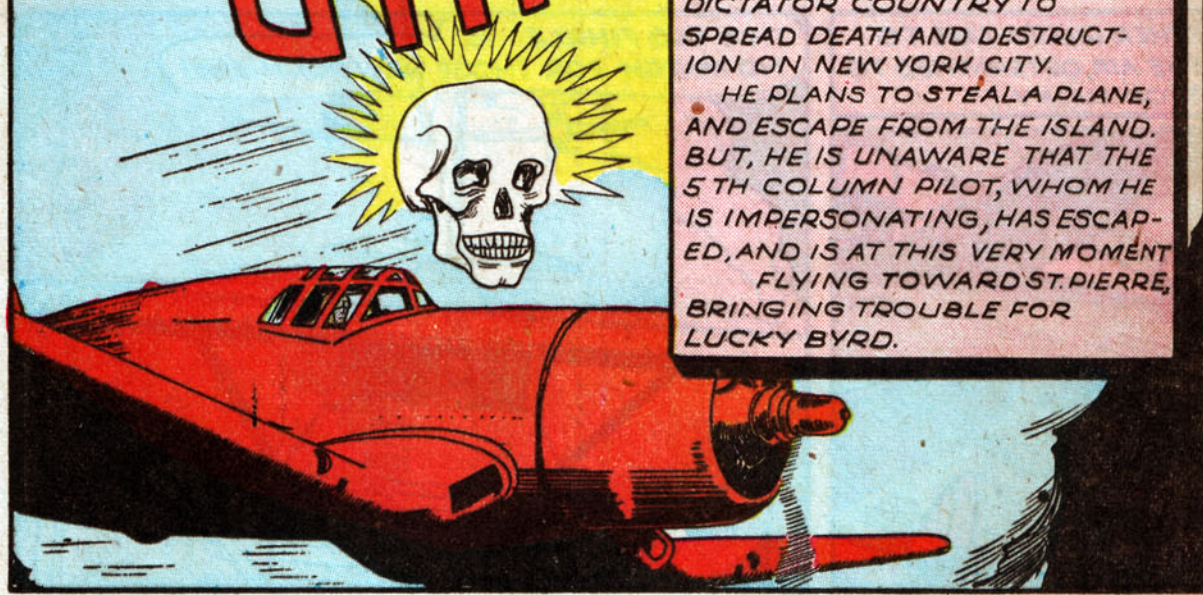
LUCKY BYRD

of G-2

by
HARRY
FRANCIS
CHAMBERLAIN

LUCKY BYRD, AIRACE OF G-2, IS IN THE MOST HAZARDOUS SPOT IN HIS PERIL-FILLED CAREER, BUT HE DOES NOT KNOW IT, AS YET. ON THE ISLAND OF ST. PIERRE, NEAR NEWFOUNDLAND, HE HAS JUST FOILED THE PLOT OF A DICTATOR COUNTRY TO SPREAD DEATH AND DESTRUCTION ON NEW YORK CITY.

HE PLANS TO STEAL A PLANE, AND ESCAPE FROM THE ISLAND. BUT, HE IS UNAWARE THAT THE 5TH COLUMN PILOT, WHOM HE IS IMPERSONATING, HAS ESCAPED, AND IS AT THIS VERY MOMENT FLYING TOWARD ST. PIERRE, BRINGING TROUBLE FOR LUCKY BYRD.



AS A RESULT OF LUCKY'S TAMPERING WITH THE RADIO CONTROL MECHANISM, THE FIRST OF THE PILOTLESS FLYING BOMBS WERE DESTROYED.

SOMEHOW OUR PLAN HAS FAILED.

I'LL JUST ABANDON THIS INJURED ACT, NOW THAT MY WORK IS DONE, STEAL A PLANE, AND VANISH!

BUT AT THAT MOMENT, A PLANE LANDS ON THE FIELD AT ST. PIERRE.

I'M THE REAL SHULTZ! WHERE IS THAT IMPOSTER, LUCKY BYRD?

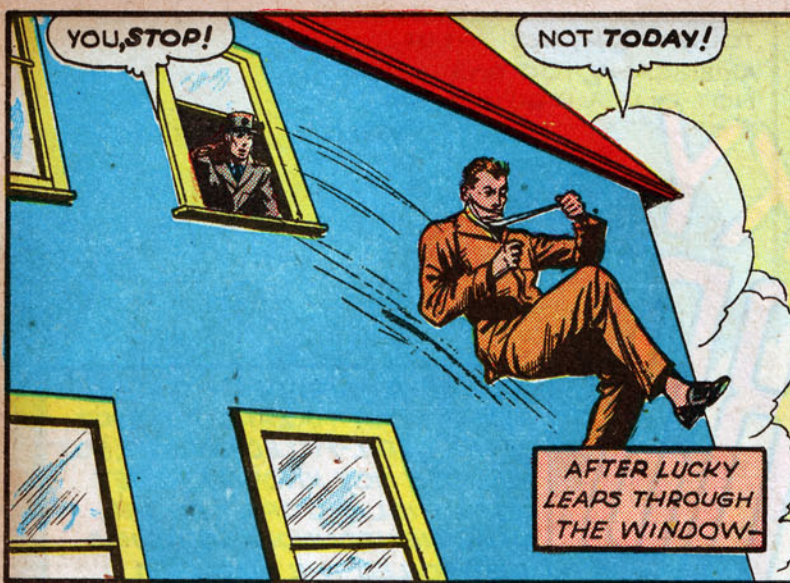
COME! WE SUSPECTED HIM!



THERE'S THE SNOOPING SPY! SEIZE HIM!

THIS IS BAD! HOW DID HE ESCAPE?





YOU, STOP!

NOT TODAY!

AFTER LUCKY
LEAPS THROUGH
THE WINDOW—

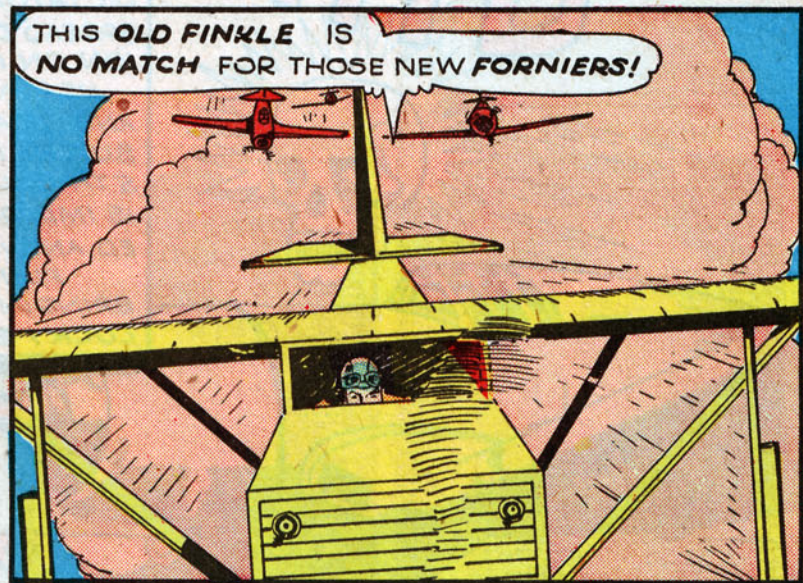


HE RACES ACROSS THE
FIELD, AND STEALS A PLANE.

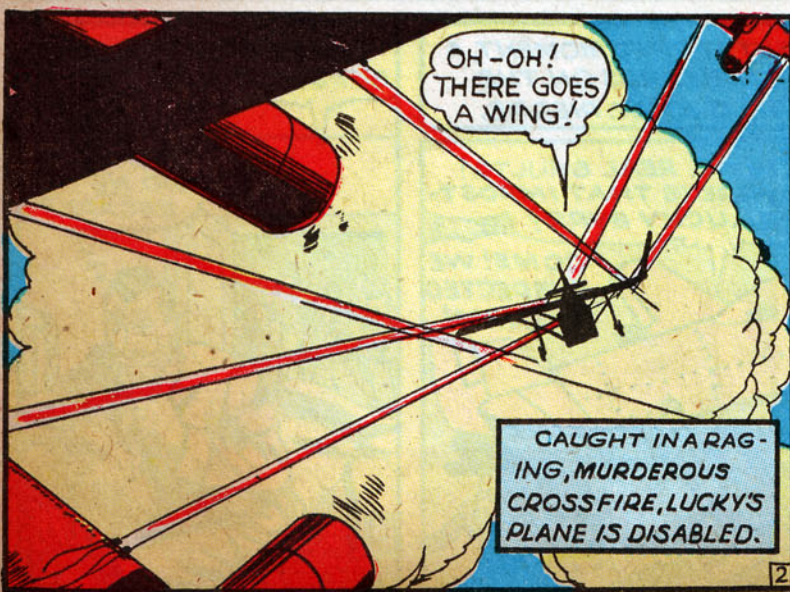
WELL, IT
TOOK OFF,
ANYWAY...



OTHER PILOTS TAKE TO
THE AIR, DETERMINED TO
STOP LUCKY.



THIS OLD FINKLE IS
NO MATCH FOR THOSE NEW FORNIERS!



OH-OH!
THERE GOES
A WING!

CAUGHT IN A RAG-
ING, MURDEROUS
CROSSFIRE, LUCKY'S
PLANE IS DISABLED.



AFTER A FORCED LANDING,
LUCKY SPRINTS AWAY—

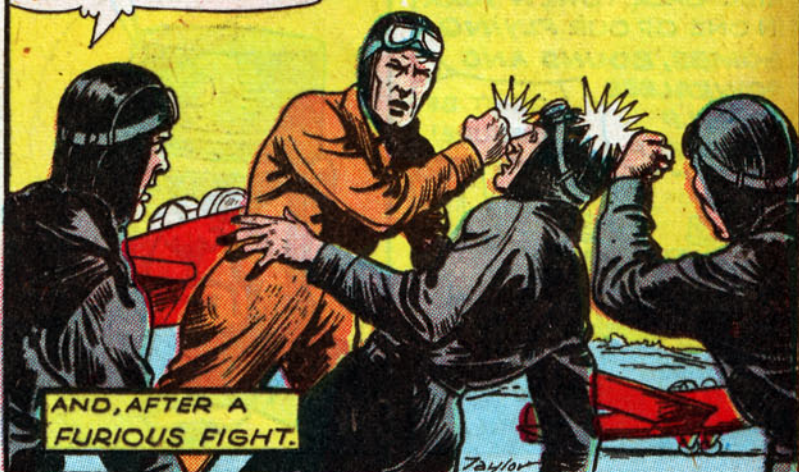
I'VE GOT ABOUT ONE
CHANCE IN A HUNDRED.

THE 5TH COLUMNISTS
CLOSE IN ON LUCKY
FROM ALL SIDES.

SURRENDER! TAKE THE
SPY ALIVE!



TOUGH FIGHTERS THESE
AMERICANS, TOO BAD THEY'RE
NOT ON OUR SIDE.



AND, AFTER A
FURIOUS FIGHT.

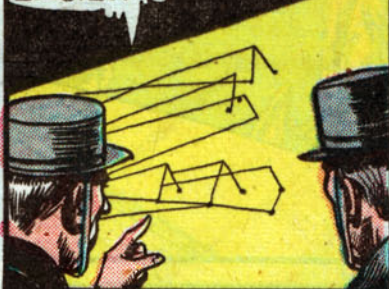
AT THE ENEMY HEAD-
QUARTERS.

IN THERE, BYRD!



MEANWHILE, IN THE ROOM
CONTROLLING THE RADIO
FLOWN, TELEVISION-EYED
FLYING BOMBS.

BYRD CROSSED THE WIRES!
NO WONDER OUR PLANES
CRASHED. WE'LL FIX THIS
EASILY.

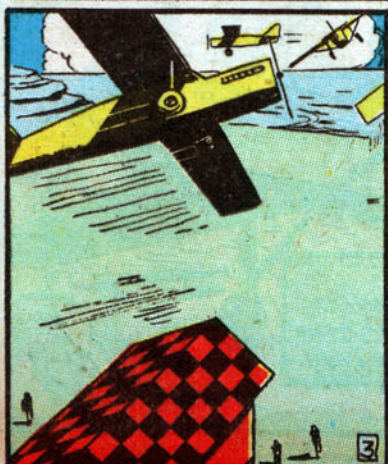


REPAIRS ARE MADE,
LEADER!

GOOD! NOW
WE TEST OUR
FLYING BOMBS
AGAIN!



TEN MINUTES LATER,
PILOTLESS PLANES MA-
NEUVER OVER HEAD.



GOOD! NEW YORK SHALL
FEEL OUR MIGHT!

AND I HAVE UN-
PLEASANT PLANS
FOR THAT SPY,
BYRD!



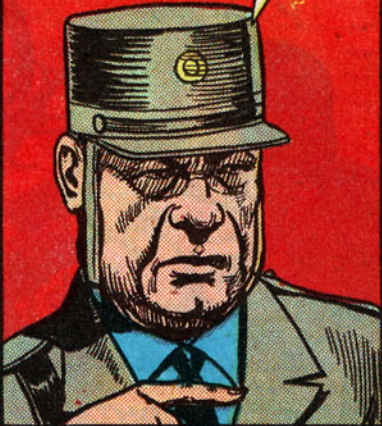
LATER...

AND, BYRD, YOU WILL RIDE BACK TO NEW YORK IN ONE OF OUR FLYING BOMBS, BOUND AND POWERLESS TO HELP YOURSELF.

DON'T BE TOO SURE!



SEIZE HIM, AND BIND HIS HANDS AND FEET WITH ADHESIVE TAPE!

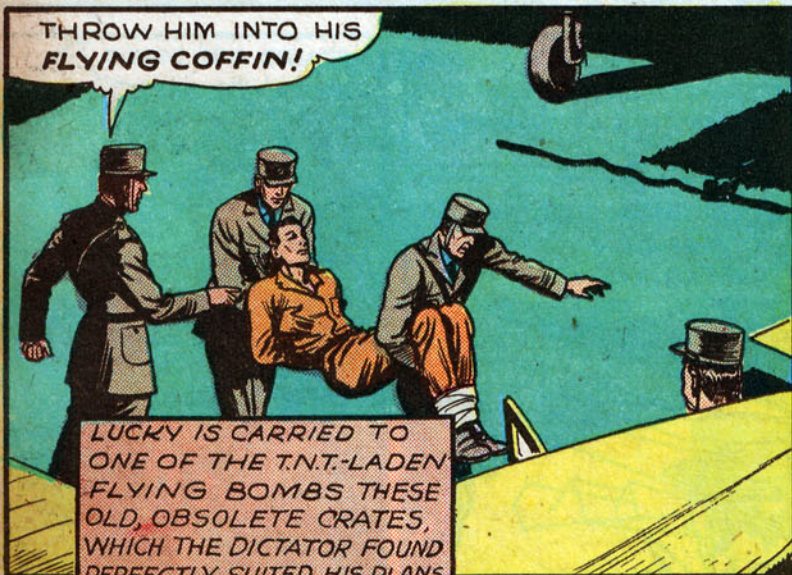


NOW, LET'S SEE YOU GET OUT OF THAT, YOU SNOOPING SPY!

I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?



THROW HIM INTO HIS FLYING COFFIN!



LUCKY IS CARRIED TO ONE OF THE T.N.T.-LADEN FLYING BOMBS THESE OLD, OBSOLETE CRATES, WHICH THE DICTATOR FOUND PERFECTLY SUITED HIS PLANS.

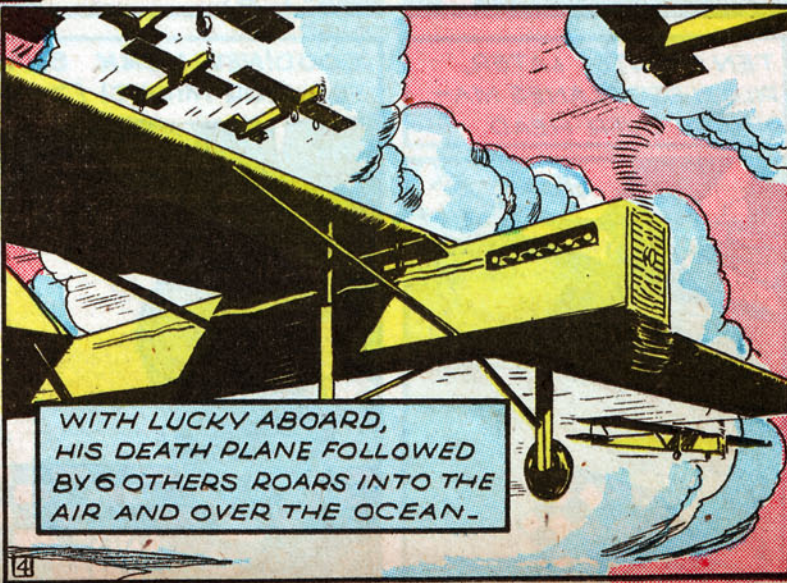
AS LUCKY IS THROWN INTO THE PLANE-BOMB HE DELIBERATELY KICKS OVER A CAN OF GASOLINE.

CLUMSY FOOL!

LET HIM LIE IN THE GAS IT WILL MULTIPLY HIS DISCOMFORT.



IF I SOAK UP ENOUGH GAS INTO THIS ADHESIVE TAPE—I MAY BE ABLE TO TAKE A HAND IN THIS 'LITTLE GAME'!

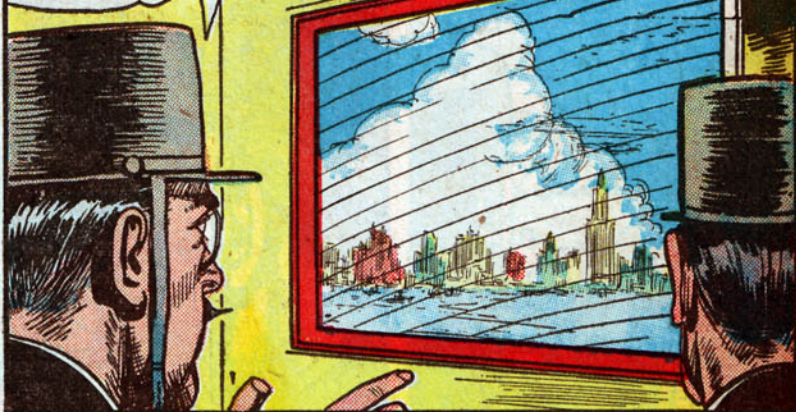


WITH LUCKY ABOARD, HIS DEATH PLANE FOLLOWED BY 6 OTHERS ROARS INTO THE AIR AND OVER THE OCEAN.

HOURS PASS, AND LUCKY STRAINS AT HIS WRISTS. THE ADHESIVE SLIPS - A LITTLE...

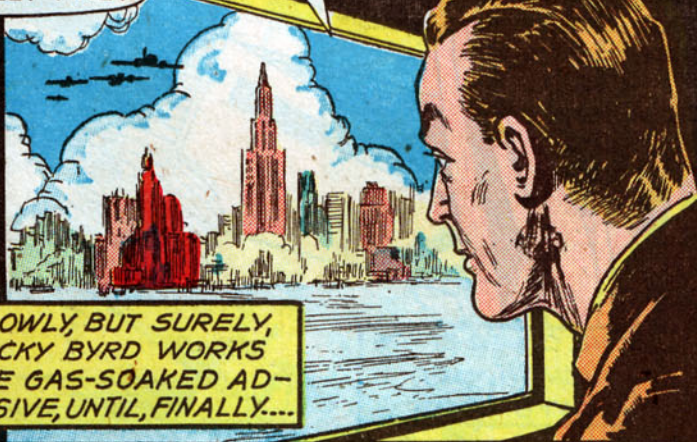


IN THE TELEVISOR, I SEE THE **EMPIRE STATE BUILDING!** OUR **FLYING BOMBS** WILL BE OVER **NEW YORK** IN A FEW MINUTES.



BACK AT THE ISLAND CONTROL ROOM.

THERE'S NEW YORK! I MUST GET LOOSE. OUR PATROL PLANES DON'T KNOW WHAT THESE SHIPS REALLY ARE!



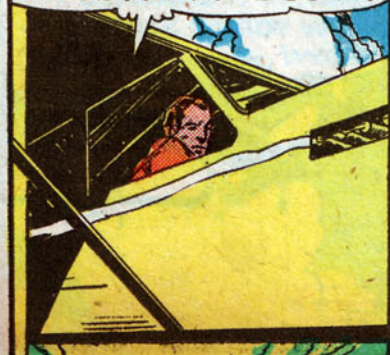
SLOWLY, BUT SURELY, LUCKY BYRD WORKS THE GAS-SOAKED ADHESIVE, UNTIL, FINALLY....

UGH! MADE IT!

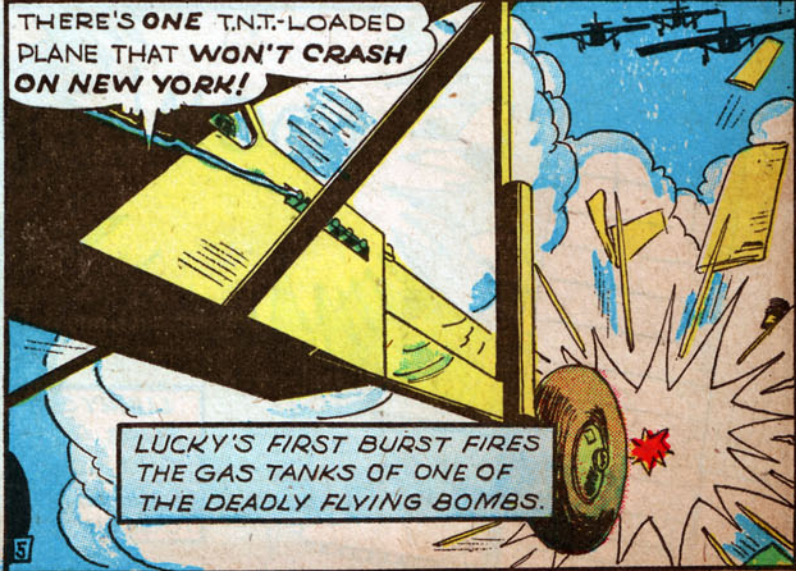


LUCKY TAKES OVER THE CONTROLS, CUTTING OFF THE RADIO PILOT.

THERE'S A BREAK! THERE'S SOME **AMMUNITION** IN THESE **MACHINE GUNS!**



THERE'S **ONE** T.N.T.-LOADED PLANE THAT **WON'T CRASH ON NEW YORK!**



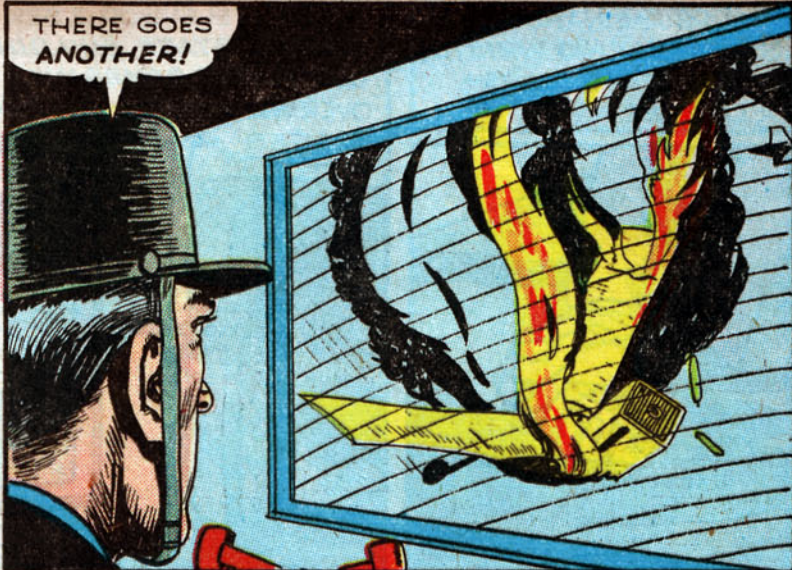
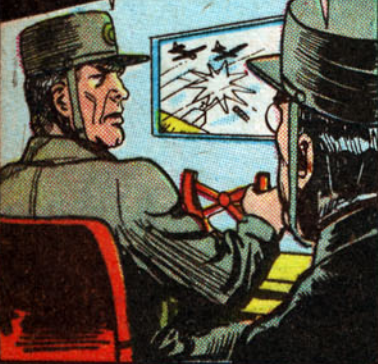
LUCKY'S FIRST BURST FIRES THE GAS TANKS OF ONE OF THE DEADLY FLYING BOMBS.

BACK AT ST. PIERRE....

BYRD IS LOOSE! SHOOT-
ING DOWN
OUR SHIPS!

GET HIM!

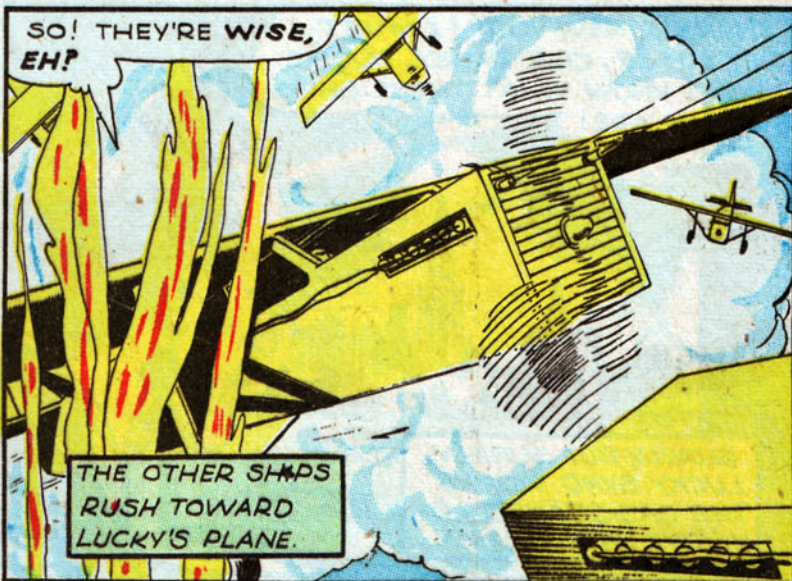
THERE GOES
ANOTHER!



CRASH ALL SHIPS INTO
BYRD'S PLANE.

SO! THEY'RE WISE,
EH?

THE OTHER SHIPS
RUSH TOWARD
LUCKY'S PLANE.



TWO MORE DOWN!

BOOM!

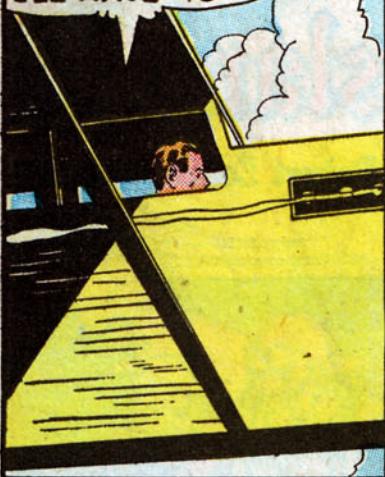
LUCKY SIDE-
SLIPS, AND
TWO MORE
PLANES CRASH
TOGETHER...

FINALLY, ONLY ONE SHIP IS
LEFT AND THIS "BOMB"
TURNS, STREAKS FOR
NEW YORK...

I'LL HAVE TO GET THAT
BABY, IF IT CRASHES INTO
NEW YORK'S STREETS—
wow!



CONFOUND IT, I'M OUT
OF AMMUNITION!
I'LL HAVE TO-



-DIVE INTO IT!

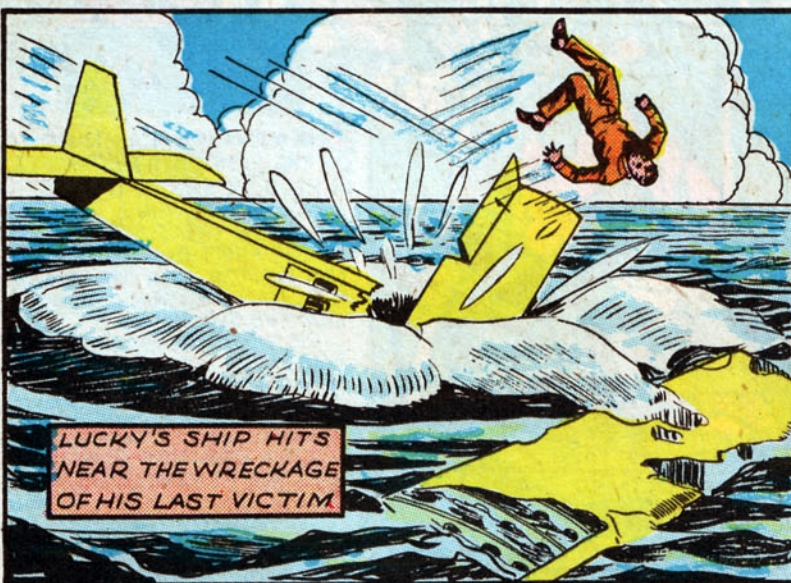


LUCKY'S PROPELLER SHEARS OFF
THE FLYING BOMB'S TAIL -

-AND THE SHIP CRASHES
INTO LONG ISLAND SOUND.



MY PROP'S GONE, I CAN'T
MAKE LAND!



LUCKY'S SHIP HITS
NEAR THE WRECKAGE
OF HIS LAST VICTIM

THIS WING WILL HOLD ME
UP UNTIL THAT AMPHIBIAN
SPOTS ME - **HERE** IT COMES,
AND NEW YORK IS **SAVED!**



I'M LUCKY BYRD, GET ME TO
COL. CLIVE IN WASHINGTON!
WE MAY BE ABLE TO CLEAN
OUT THAT GANG IN ST.
PIERRE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER
THE ARMY AMPHIBIAN
PICKS LUCKY UP.

THE NEXT MORNING.



ANY LUCK, COL. CLIVE?

NO, BYRD, THEY
WERE GONE
WHEN WE GOT
TO ST. PIERRE.
BUT, NEW YORK
IS SAFE!

BUT, IS NEW YORK SAFE?
"THE SUPREME SACRIFICE,
THE NEXT LUCKY BYRD
STORY WILL GIVE THE ANSWER!"

A Fantastic Feature Film in Comicolor

Treasure Island

By Robert Louis Stevenson

Part IX

JIM HAWKINS, CABIN-BOY ON THE SCHOONER *HISPANIOLA*, IS HELD PRISONER BY THE MUTINIED CREW IN A BLOCK-HOUSE ON TREASURE ISLAND.

THE SHIP'S OWNER, CAPTAIN, AND DOCTOR, WITH TWO OTHERS, ARE CAMPED SOMEWHERE OUTSIDE THE STOCKADE.

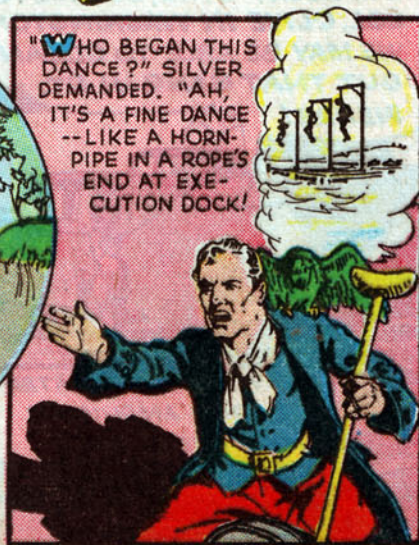
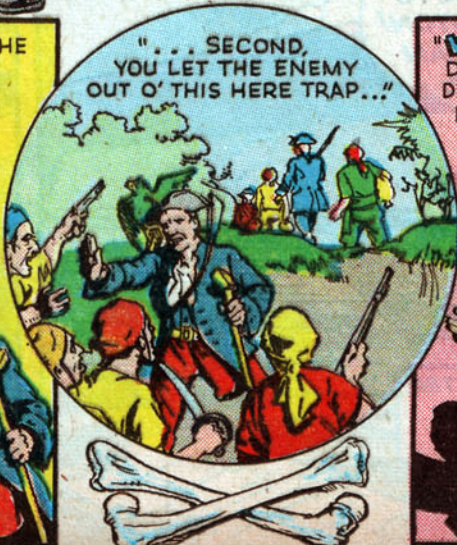
THE MUTINEERS, DISSATISFIED WITH THEIR CAPTAIN, JOHN SILVER, HAVE JUST HANDED HIM AN OMINOUS NOTE. . . .

JIM HAWKINS CONTINUES HIS ADVENTUROUS TALE. . . .

"THIS CREW HAS TIPPED YOU THE BLACK SPOT IN FULL COUNCIL," SAID ONE OF THE PIRATES. "FIRST, YOU'VE MADE A HASH OF THIS CRUISE . . ."


"... SECOND, YOU LET THE ENEMY OUT O' THIS HERE TRAP..."

"WHO BEGAN THIS DANCE?" SILVER DEMANDED. "AH, IT'S A FINE DANCE -- LIKE A HORN-PIPE IN A ROPE'S END AT EXECUTION DOCK!"





SILVER CAST ON
THE FLOOR THE
TREASURE MAP.



THEY LEAPED UPON IT LIKE
CATS UPON A MOUSE AND
EXAMINED IT EAGERLY.



"ELECT WHOM YOU PLEASE TO BE YOUR
CAP'N NOW! I'M DONE WITH IT!"
CRIED SILVER.



"SILVER!" THEY CRIED, AND
THEY CHANGED THEIR TUNE!



SUDDENLY ...
"BLOCKHOUSE,
AHoy!"
A VOICE CRIED.
IT WAS THE DOCTOR.



WE'VE A LITTLE
STRANGER HERE
-- HE! HE!

NOT
JIM?

2



THE DOCTOR PROCEEDED WITH HIS WORK AMONG THE SICK.



I MAKE IT A POINT OF HONOR NOT TO LOSE A MAN FOR KING GEORGE AND THE GALLOWS!



LET ME SEE YOUR TONGUE. HMM! ANOTHER FEVER!



I SHOULD LIKE TO TALK TO JIM, PLEASE.



AT THE DOCTOR'S PROPOSAL, ONE OF THE MEN SWUNG ROUND AND SHOUTED. ...

No!



"SILENCE!" SILVER ROARED. "HAWKINS WILL GIVE ME HIS WORD NOT TO SLIP HIS CABLE!"



STEP OUTSIDE THE STOCKADE, DOCTOR! I'LL BRING THE BOY!

I WILL OWN THAT HERE I BEGAN TO WEEP. "JIM, I CAN'T HAVE THIS," THE DOCTOR INTERRUPTED. "WHIP OVER AND WE'LL RUN FOR IT."



"NO," I REPLIED. "YOU KNOW WELL YOU WOULDN'T DO THE THING YOURSELF. I PASSED MY WORD TO SILVER!"



WE RETURNED TO THE STOCKADE.

SILVER! DON'T YOU BE IN ANY GREAT HURRY AFTER THAT TREASURE.



WE WERE SOON SEATED ON THE SAND AT BREAKFAST OF BISCUIT AND FRIED JUNK.

FOR ALL THE WORLD I WAS LED LIKE A DANCING BEAR, ON THE HUNT FOR THE TREASURE.



WE TOOK TO THE BOATS AND ROWED TO THE MOUTH OF THE RIVER.



WE BEGAN TO ASCEND THE SLOPE TOWARD THE PLATEAU.



A MAN FAR AHEAD BEGAN TO CRY ALOUD AS IF IN TERROR. THE OTHERS BEGAN TO RUN IN HIS DIRECTION.



AT THE FOOT OF A PINE, A HUMAN SKELETON LAY. A FEW SHREDS OF CLOTHING REMAINED.



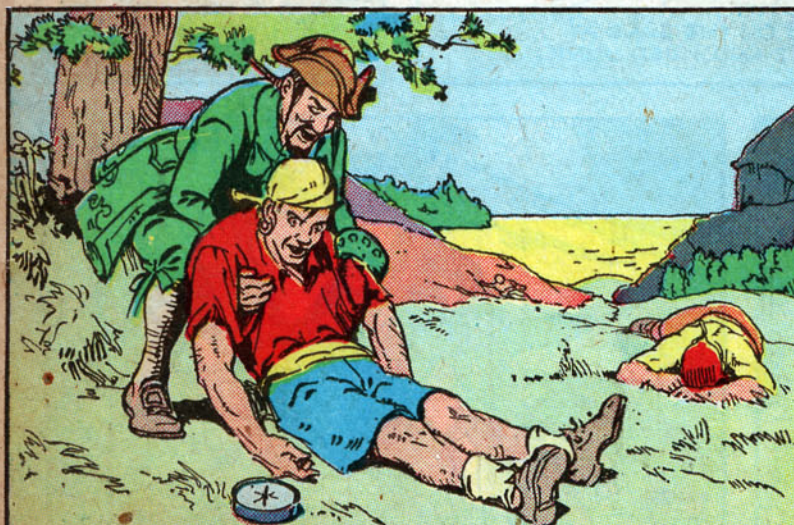
THE BODY POINTED IN THE DIRECTION OF THE ISLAND, AND THE COMPASS READ DULY E.S.E. AND BY E.



"THIS IS ONE OF FLINT'S JOKES," SAID ONE.

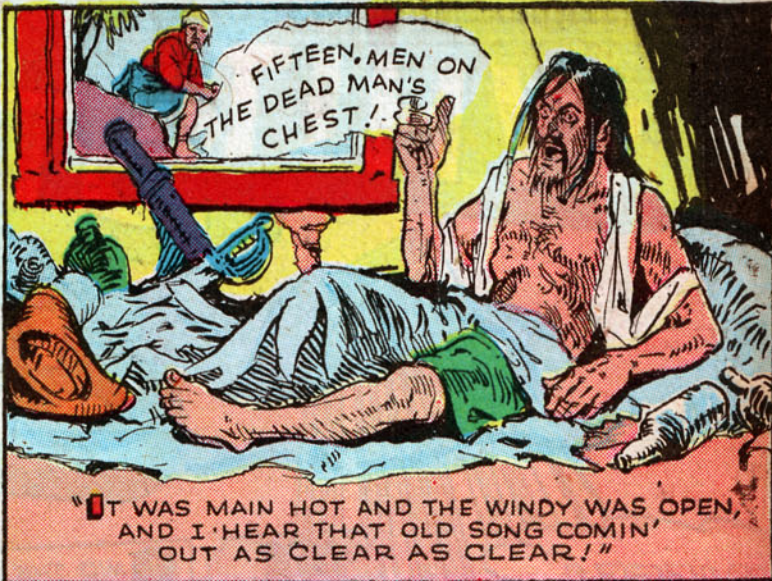


IF EVER A SPIRIT WALKED, IT WOULD BE FLINT'S!



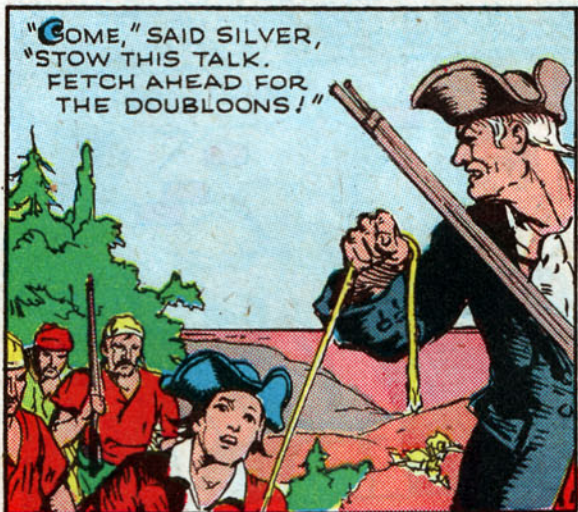
"HE KILLED HIM AND HAULED HIM HERE AND LAID HIM DOWN BY COMPASS, SHIVER MY TIMBERS!"

HE DIED BAD, DID FLINT!
NOW HE RAGED AND NOW HE
HOLLERED FOR RUM, AND NOW
HE SANG! "FIFTEEN MEN"
WERE HIS ONLY SONG.
I NEVER LIKES TO HEAR
IT SINCE.



"IT WAS MAIN HOT AND THE WINDY WAS OPEN,
AND I HEAR THAT OLD SONG COMIN'
OUT AS CLEAR AS CLEAR!"

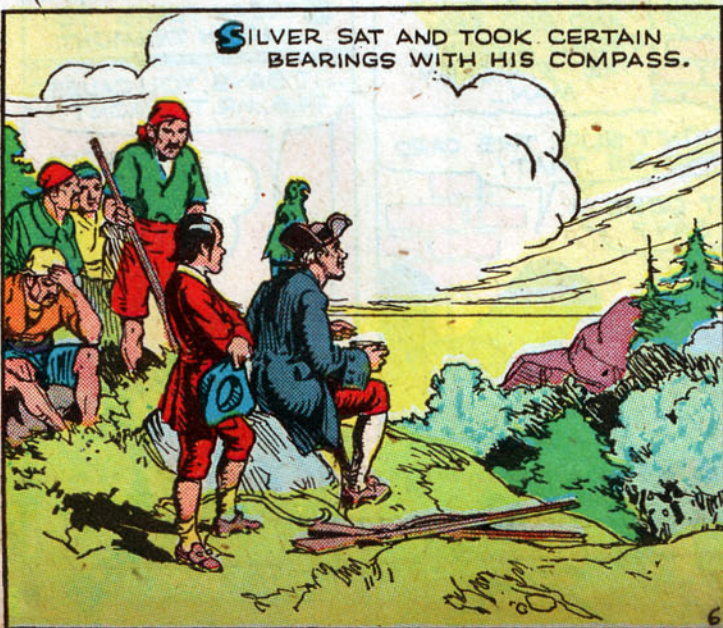
"COME," SAID SILVER,
"STOW THIS TALK.
FETCH AHEAD FOR
THE DOUBLOONS!"



THE TERROR OF THE DEAD
BUCCANEER HAD FALLEN
ON THEIR SPIRITS.



SILVER SAT AND TOOK CERTAIN
BEARINGS WITH HIS COMPASS.



SUDDENLY FROM AMONG THE
TREES CAME A THIN, HIGH
VOICE, SINGING: "FIFTEEN MEN
ON THE DEAD MAN'S CHEST--
YO-HO-HO, AND A BOTTLE OF RUM."



THIS GRIPPING STORY WILL BE
CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
TARGET COMICS!

THE WHITE STREAK

And the RED SEAL

AIEEE!

THE

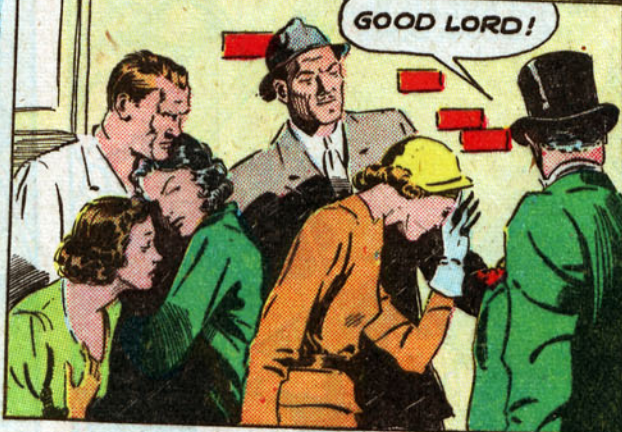
WHITE STREAK AND HIS NEW FOUND FRIEND, RED SEAL, HAVE JUST ARRIVED IN NEW YORK...

THEY PAUSE FOR A MOMENT TO WATCH THE OFFICIAL OPENING OF TREMONT TOWERS, THE NEWEST AND TALLEST SKYSCRAPER MAN EVER BUILT...

SUDDENLY!

AMID THE FRIGHTENED SCREAMS OF THE SPECTATORS, THE WORKING MAN'S BODY LANDS AT THE FEET OF MARTIN TREMONT, OWNER OF TREMONT TOWERS...

GOOD LORD!



WATCH OUT!
HE'S FALLING!

EEEEK!

WHITE STREAK, AND RED SEAL CROWD AROUND THE STRICKEN MAN...

HE DIDN'T SLIP... THIS CARD PROVES THAT!

WHAT DOES IT SAY?

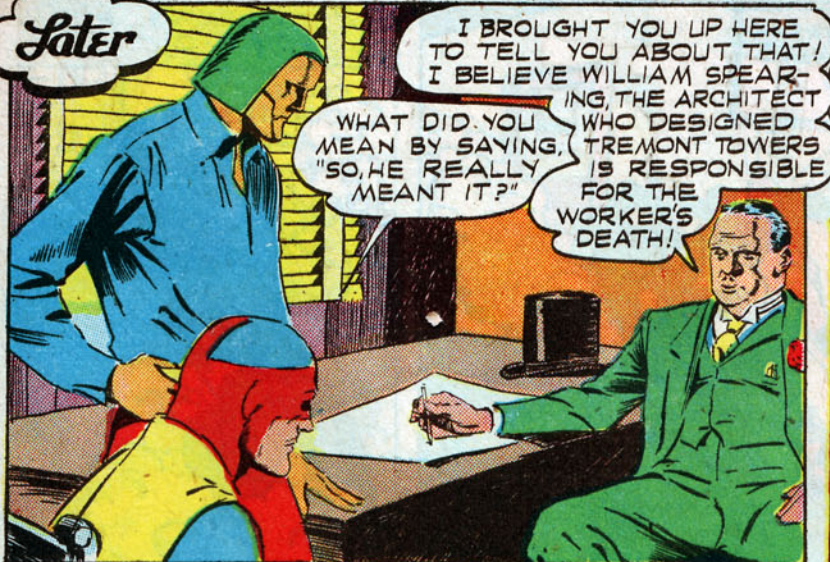
STREAK TURNS TO MARTIN TREMONT.

...IT SAYS "YOU CAUSED THIS, MR. TREMONT!"

HMM... SO, HE REALLY MEANT IT!



Later



I BROUGHT YOU UP HERE TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT! I BELIEVE WILLIAM SPEARING, THE ARCHITECT WHO DESIGNED TREMONT TOWERS IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THE WORKER'S DEATH!

WHAT DID YOU MEAN BY SAYING, "SO HE REALLY MEANT IT?"

BILL...ER...SPEARING HAD AN OBSESSION THAT MY BUILDING WAS HIS! AFTER IT WAS COMPLETED, OF COURSE! HE VOWED HE'D SEE TO IT THAT NO-ONE WOULD STAY IN AN OFFICE HERE, UNLESS I TURNED IT OVER TO HIM!



FIRE ALARM!

NATURALLY, I REFUSED HIS RIDICULOUS DEMAND... BUT, NOW I'M AFRAID... WHAT'S THAT?

CLANG!
CLANG!
CLANG!



THE TRIO DART DOWN THE STAIRWAY TO THE NEXT FLOOR.

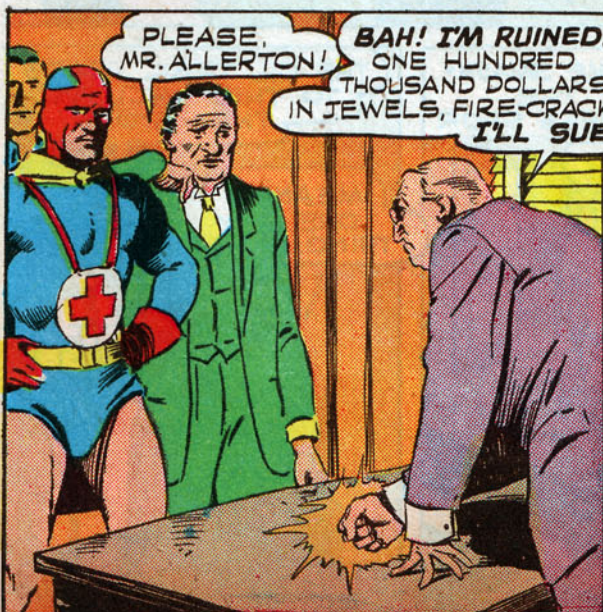
DON'T WORRY! IT CAN'T SPREAD! THE BUILDING'S FIRE PROOFED!



...INTO A FIRE-SEARED OFFICE OF THE ALLERTON JEWELLERS.

A MAN IN AN ASBESTOS SUIT AND USING A HORRIBLE FLAME THROWER DID IT! I SAW HIM!

WHA..?



PLEASE, MR. ALLERTON!

BAH! I'M RUINED! ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS IN JEWELS, FIRE-CRACKED! I'LL SUE!

Then....

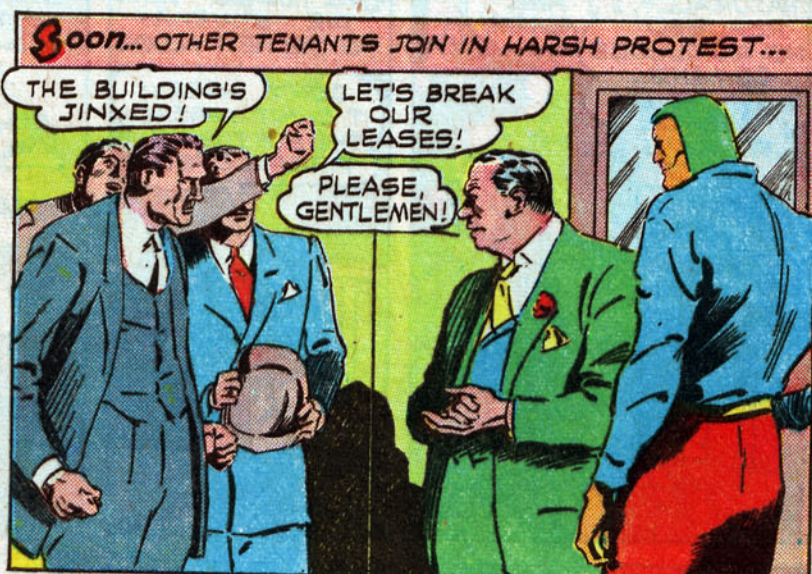
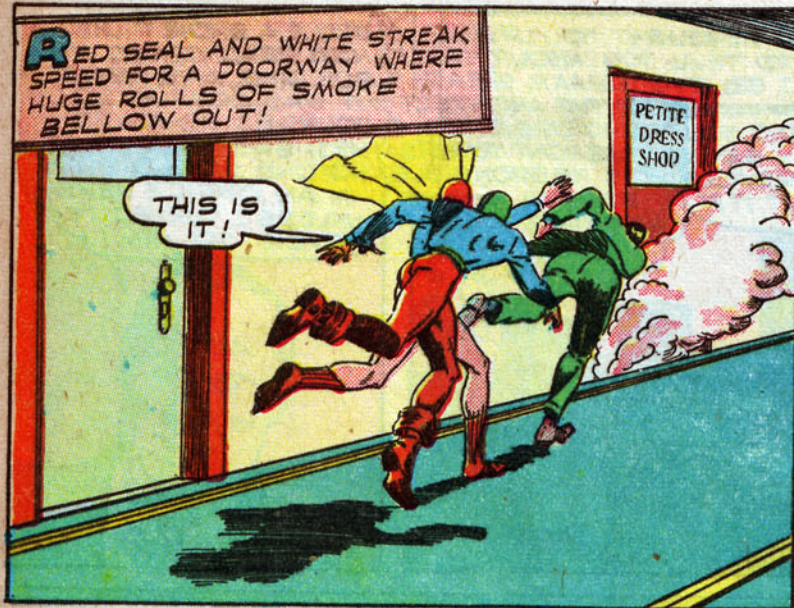


LET'S GO, SEAL!

WHAT IS THIS?

THERE IT GOES AGAIN!

CLANG
CLANG



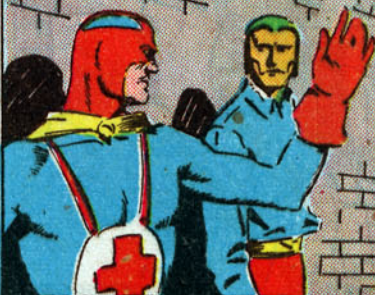
**A SECRET PANEL!
AND HERE IT IS!**



**SEAL BEARS TO THE
RIGHT AND STREAK
TO THE LEFT...**

**WE'LL MEET
HERE,
LATER!**

RIGHT!



**AFTER A SHORT DIS-
TANCE, SEAL COMES
UPON A BLANK WALL.**

**THERE MUST BE
ANOTHER SECRET
PANEL HERE! AH!
THIS RING... I'LL
PULL IT!**



**JUST AS I THOUGHT!
IT'S OPENING...**

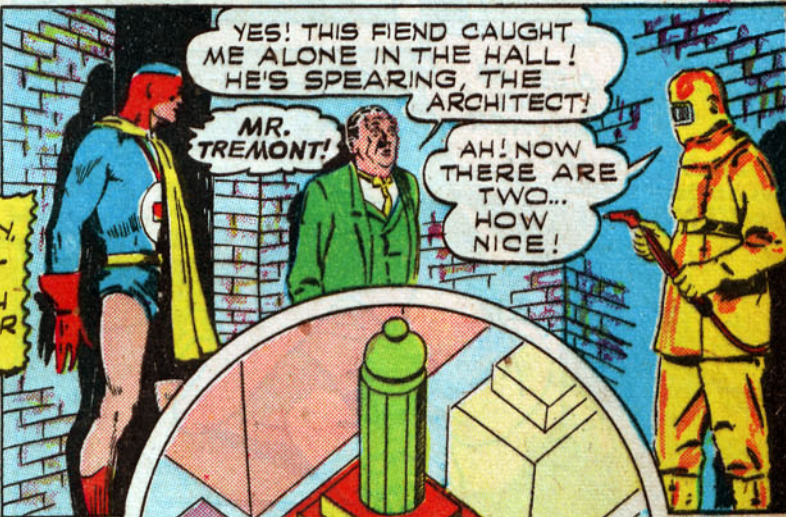


**STEALTHILY,
RED SEAL
ENTERS
THROUGH
THE DOOR
AND...**

**YES! THIS FIEND CAUGHT
ME ALONE IN THE HALL!
HE'S SPEARING, THE
ARCHITECT!**

**MR.
TREMONT!**

**AH! NOW
THERE ARE
TWO...
HOW
NICE!**



**A N ASBESTOS GLOVED
HAND DARTS FOR A
SWITCH... THEN...**

**GENTLEMEN...OBSERVE!
MY ARCHITECTURAL
MASTERPIECE...
A GANG-PLANK!
START WALKING!**



**A-ARE YOU MAD?
WE'RE ONE HUNDRED
FLOORS ABOVE
THE GROUND!**

**HAH! HAH! HAH!
YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN
TO ME BEFORE! NOW I
HOLD THE CARDS!
WALK!**



AS THE TWO MEN EDGE FORWARD ON THE GANG PLANK, THE FLAME-THROWER TURNS ON HIS APPARATUS... LIGHTLY AT FIRST...

YOU'RE TOO SLOW!
FASTER! HAH!

Then....FULL BLAST!

HAH!
YOU'LL
JUMP
NOW!

DUCK!

**SUDDENLY... A FLASHING
FIGURE CUTS THE AIR!
A BUNDLE OF DYNAMIC FURY,
THE WHITE STREAK!**

OH, NO YOU DON'T,
FIRE-MAN!

The FLAME DIES AS
WHITE STREAK AND
THE FLAME THROWER
THRASH IT OUT!

YOU'RE TOO OLD
TO PLAY WITH
FIRE... SO...

WE'LL PUT
YOU
OUT!

CRACK!

The ASBESTOS COVERING
PROTECTS THE FLAME-
THROWER, WHO LASHES
OUT FURIOUSLY WITH
THE NOZZLE...

THACK!

TOO BAD
IT DIDN'T
WORK! BUT
THIS WILL,
ON YOU!

Streak IS STRIVING
TO REGAIN HIS
FEET AS THE FLAME-
THROWER POINTS THE
NOZZLE AT HIM!

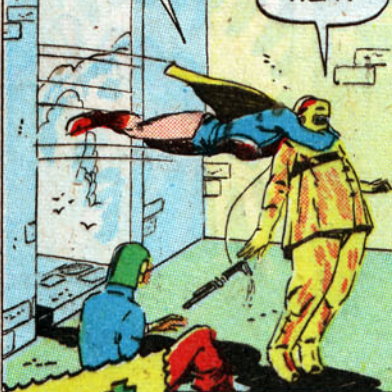
NOW
YOU'LL
TASTE
FLAME!

O-O-O-H!

BUT... THE FLAME-THROWER HAS FORGOTTEN ABOUT RED SEAL!

THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK!

HEY!



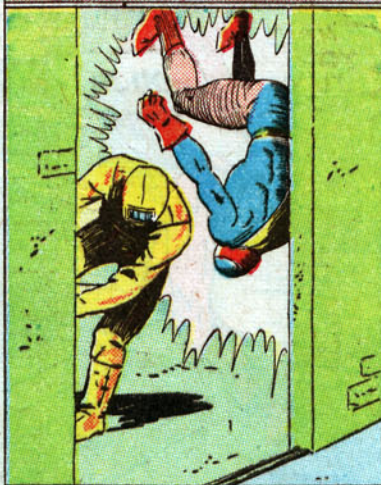
But...

OOF!

UPSA, DAISY!



QUICK WITTEDLY... THE FLAME-THROWER SNAPS HIS FRAME AND...



SPOIL MY GAME, WILL YOU?



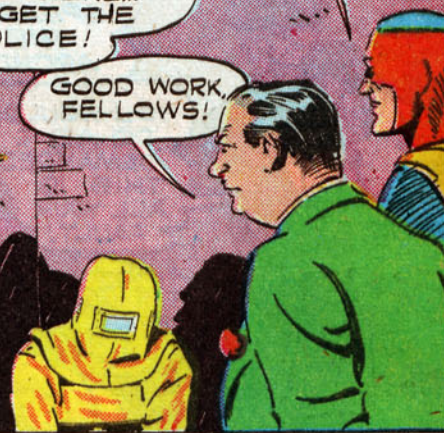
...THE FLAME-THROWER IS OUT!



SEAL... HOLD THE FORT HERE... I'LL GET THE POLICE!

RIGHT!

GOOD WORK, FELLOWS!



OUTSIDE... IN THE HALL...

WE'VE GOT THE FIRE-BUG TRAPPED IN HERE!

LET'S GO!

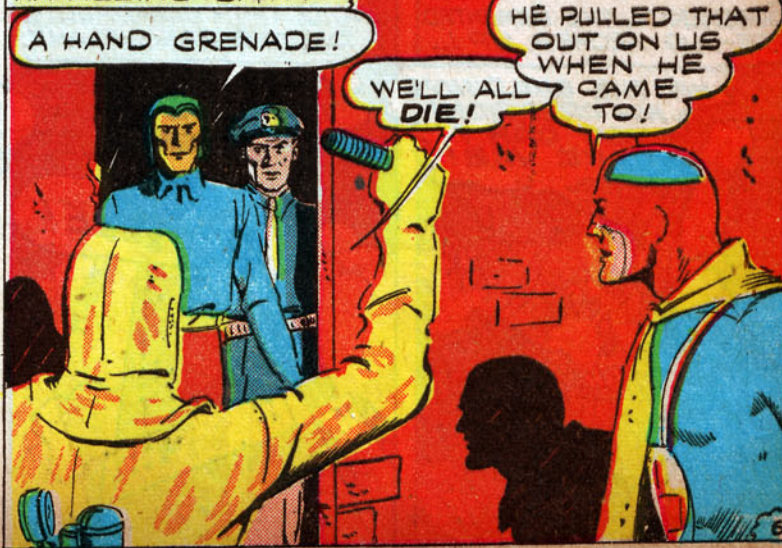


BUT THEY RETURN, ONLY TO ENCOUNTER AN APPALLING SIGHT!

A HAND GRENADE!

HE PULLED THAT OUT ON US WHEN HE CAME TO!

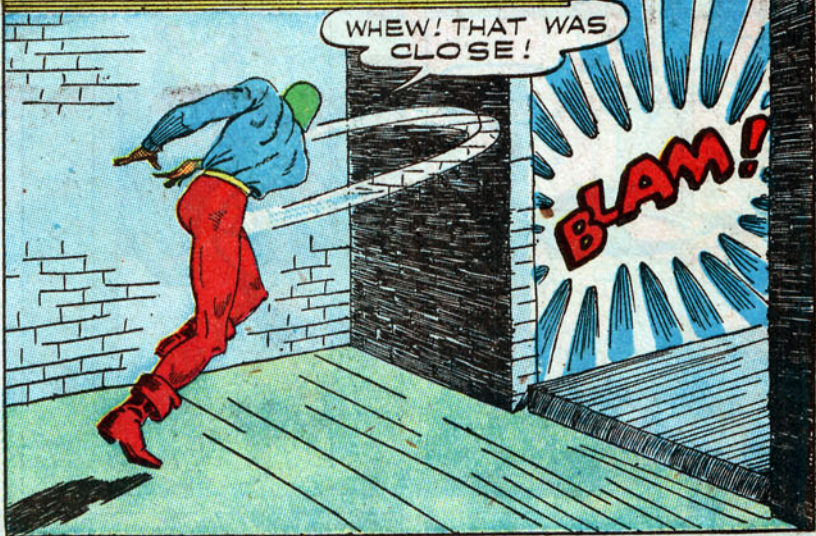
WE'LL ALL DIE!



WITH BOMBER SPEED, WHITE STREAK LASHES OUT.



THE GRENADE IS FLUNG OUT THE BREACH IN THE WALL...



THE "ARSONIST" IS UNMASKED!



HA! HA! YOU CAN'T TAKE ME! THE BUILDING'S MINE! HA! HA!



SUDDENLY...THE DEMENTED FIRE-BUG ARCHES UP!...



...AND THEN CATAPULTS FROM THE GANG-PLANK.



IT WAS HIS ONLY WAY OUT!

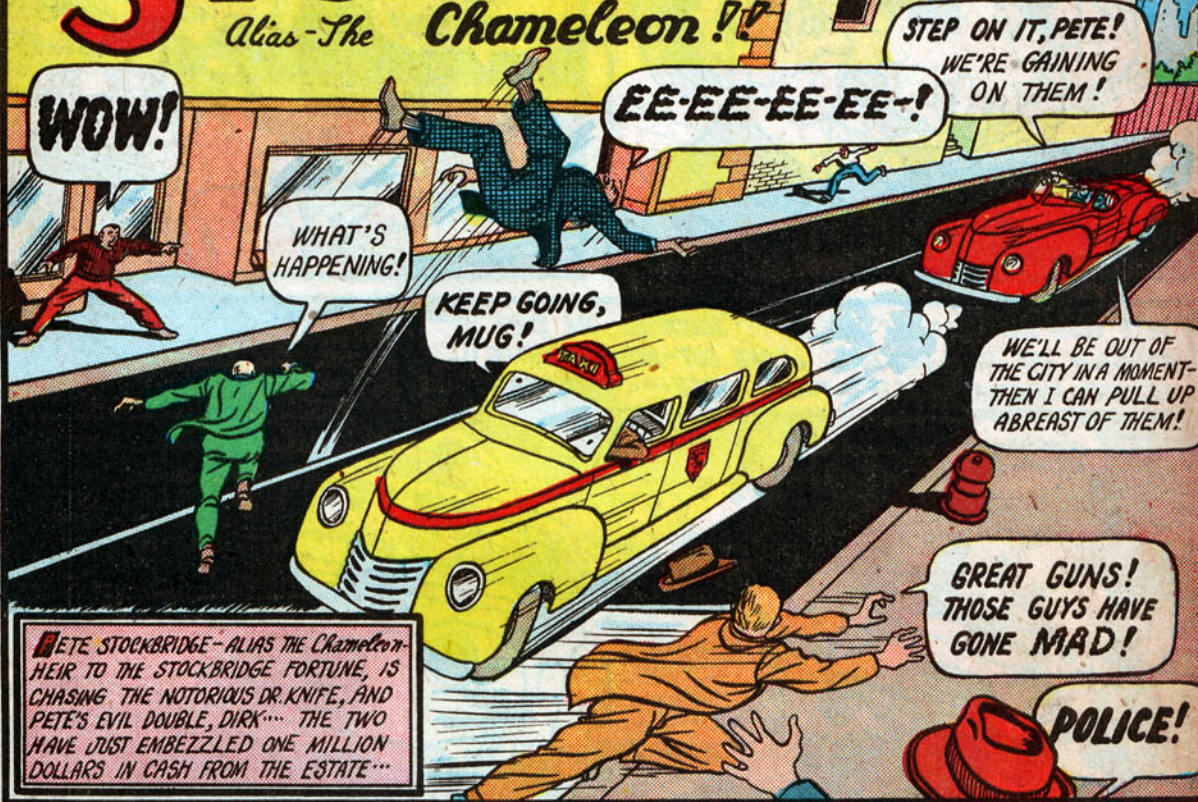


THE WHITE STREAK AND THE RED SEAL HAVE APPEARED EXCLUSIVELY IN TARGET COMICS!

PETE STOCKBRIDGE

Alias - The Chameleon!

34
Bob Davis



WOW!

WHAT'S HAPPENING!

KEEP GOING, MUG!

EEEE-EEEE-!

STEP ON IT, PETE!
WE'RE GAINING ON THEM!

WE'LL BE OUT OF THE CITY IN A MOMENT— THEN I CAN PULL UP AHEAD OF THEM!

GREAT GUNS! THOSE GUYS HAVE GONE MAD!

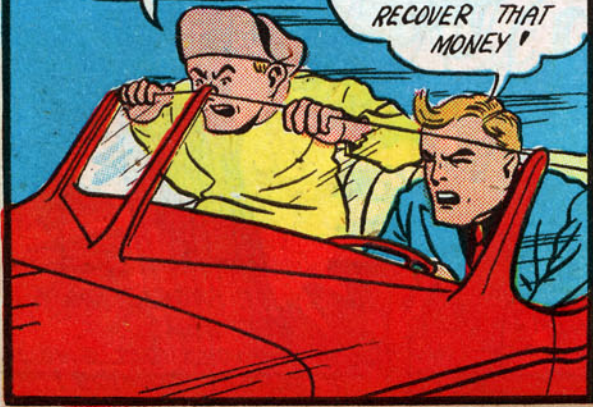
POLICE!

PETE STOCKBRIDGE—ALIAS THE CHAMELEON—HEIR TO THE STOCKBRIDGE FORTUNE, IS CHASING THE NOTORIOUS DR. KNIFE, AND PETE'S EVIL DOUBLE, DIRK... THE TWO HAVE JUST EMBEZZLED ONE MILLION DOLLARS IN CASH FROM THE ESTATE...

RAGSY MURPHY—AN ORPHANED GUTTER KID, WHO BEFRIENDED PETE, EXCITEDLY URGES HIM ON.

WELL, ONE THING IS SURE, PETE! WE SQUELCHED DAT RACKET OF DEM GUYS TRYING TO PUT DIRK IN AS DA REAL PETE STOCKBRIDGE!!

RIGHT! AND YOU'LL GET A FAT REWARD, KID IF WE RECOVER THAT MONEY!

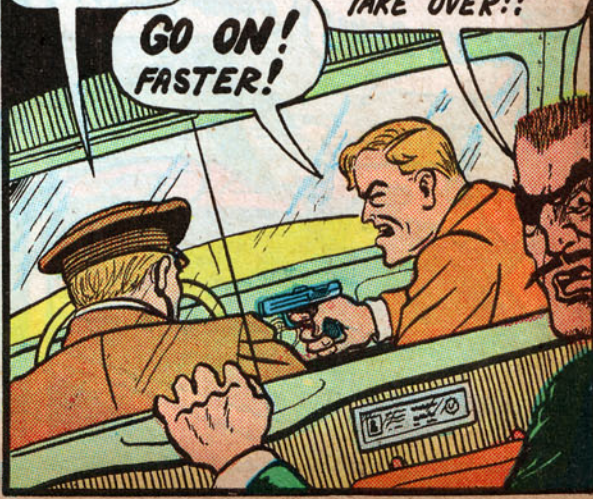


IN THE CAB AHEAD, THE DRIVER BEGINS TO REVOLT AT THIS WILD RIDE

LISTEN— YOU GUYS!

THEY'RE STILL BEHIND US! DIRK— TAKE OVER!!

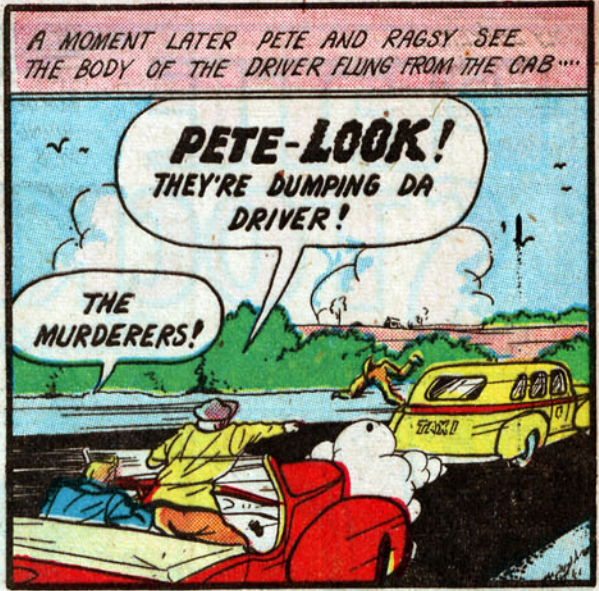
GO ON! FASTER!





ALL RIGHT - YOU
POOR PUNK - YOU
ASKED FOR IT!

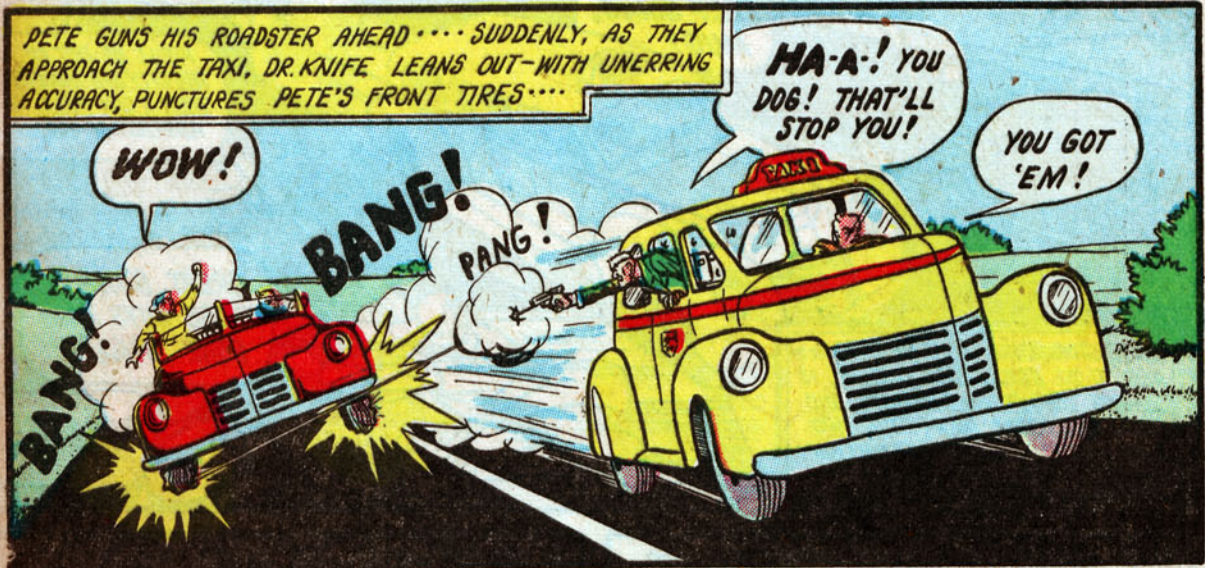
WITH COLD-BLOODED
BRUTALITY, DIRK PULLS
HIS GUN-TRIGGER....



A MOMENT LATER PETE AND RAGSY SEE
THE BODY OF THE DRIVER FLING FROM THE CAB....

PETE-LOOK!
THEY'RE DUMPING DA
DRIVER!

THE
MURDERERS!



PETE GUNS HIS ROADSTER AHEAD.... SUDDENLY, AS THEY
APPROACH THE TAXI, DR. KNIFE LEANS OUT-WITH UNERRING
ACCURACY, PUNCTURES PETE'S FRONT TIRES....

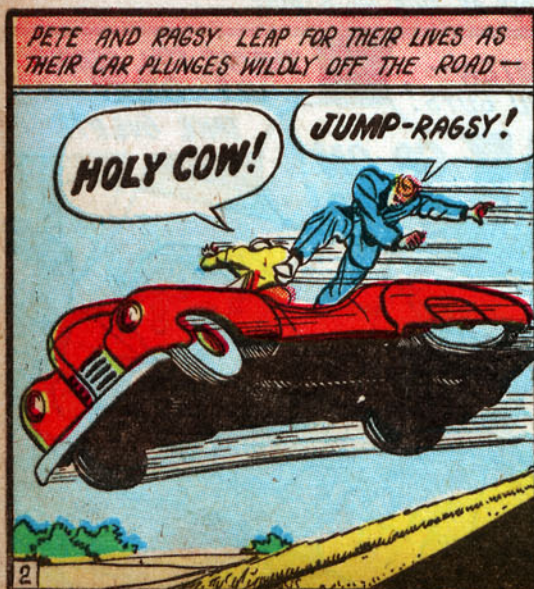
WOW!

BANG!

PANG!

HA-A! YOU
DOG! THAT'LL
STOP YOU!

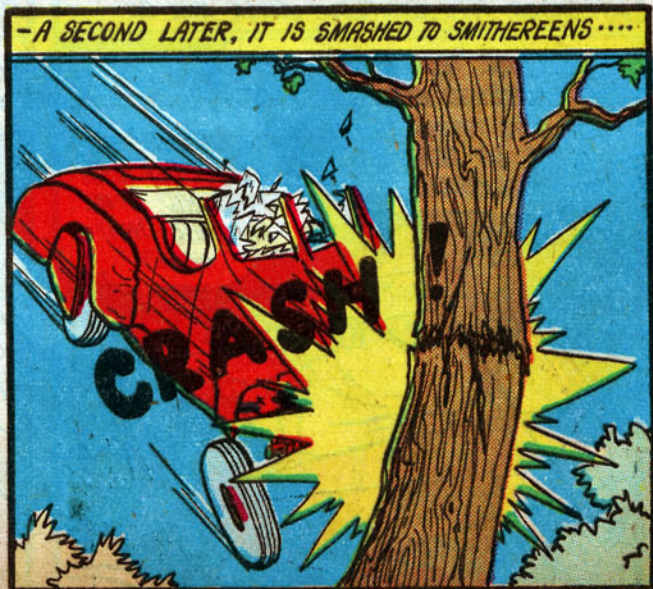
YOU GOT
'EM!



PETE AND RAGSY LEAP FOR THEIR LIVES AS
THEIR CAR PLUNGES WILDLY OFF THE ROAD—

HOLY COW!

JUMP-RAGSY!

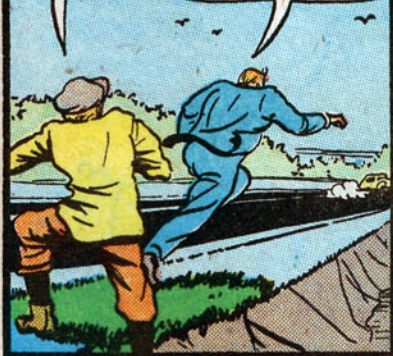


-A SECOND LATER, IT IS SMASHED TO SMITHEREENS....

BADLY SHAKEN, BUT STILL ABLE TO MOVE, PETE AND RAGGY RACE ONTO THE ROAD AGAIN

THEY'RE ESCAPING!

C'MON! THERE'S AN EMERGENCY PHONE UP AHEAD!



GAINING THE PHONE BOOTH —

HELLO! STATE POLICE? TWO BERSERK MURDERERS LOOSE IN A TAXI HEADING NORTH ON ROUTE NINE! HERE'S THE DOPE —



GIVE IT TO 'EM, PETE!

YEAH-YEAH.... HOLD ON A MINUTE! HEY-MURPHY! CALL ALL CARS! CALL FOR A DEPUTY POSSE.... SURROUND CROYDEN WOODS SECTOR, AND BLOCK ALL ROADS NORTH TO —



IN NO TIME, THE ENTIRE SECTOR IS SWARMING WITH POLICE AND ARMED CIVILIANS.... ROADS ARE BLOCKED, SEARCHING PARTIES TAKE TO THE WOODS.... THE HUE AND CRY IS ON!

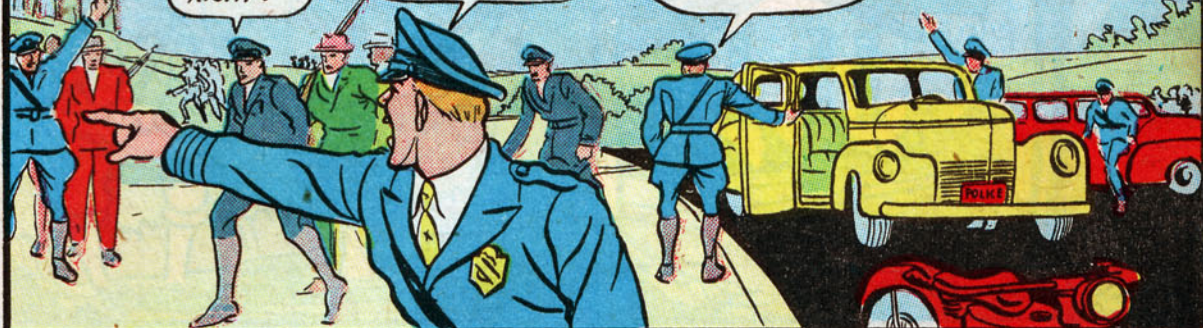
WE'LL TAKE THE NORTH LAKE ROAD!

RIGHT!

POST THOSE OLD CAVES IN BACK OF TANNERS!

GIVE ME FIVE MEN TO BUILD A BARRICADE!

CAP- I'M SENDING LAMSON EAST TO PLEASANTVILLE!



ABRUPTLY, DIRK AND KNIFE SPOT SOME SUSPICIOUS PERSONS AHEAD ON THE ROAD

DOC! THOSE GUYS! THEY'RE ARMED!

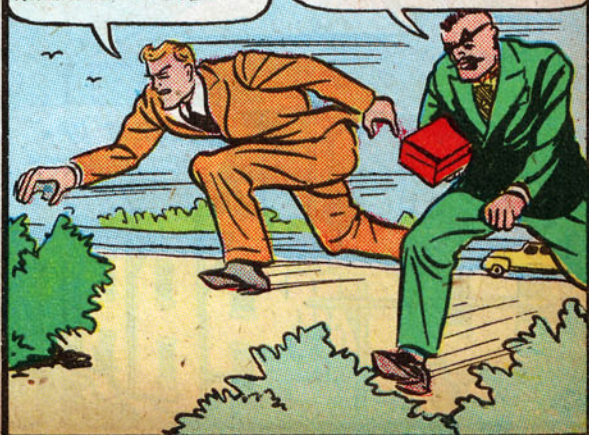
STOCKBRIDGE HAS GIVEN THE ALARM! STOP THIS THING! TAKE TO THE WOODS!



LEAPING FROM THE TAXI, THE TWO MURDERERS RACE INTO THE COVER OF THE WOODS

GOT THE MONEY? WHERE'LL WE HIDE?

RUN- YOU IDIOT! WE'LL FIND A PLACE!



WE'LL GET THOSE FIENDS NOW!

BETTCHA LIFE! THEN YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO DAT BIG MANSION OF YOURS - RIGHT, PETE?

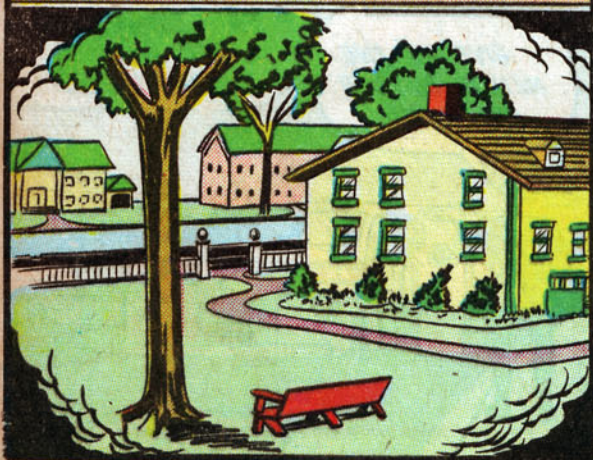


THAT'S RIGHT, RAGSY... YOU'RE A SPUNKY HARD - TALKING LITTLE MUG! I WON'T FORGET THAT YOU SAVED MY LIFE, EITHER! HOW'D YOU COME TO BE ORPHANED, KID?

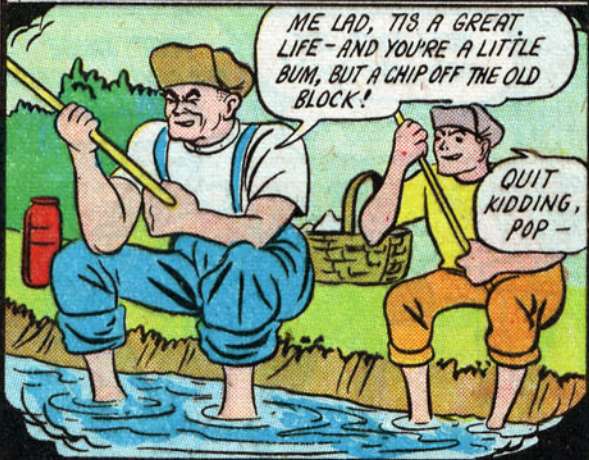
I DON'T SEE WHY IT'S ANY OF YOUR BUSINESS - BUT I'LL TELL YA, ANYWAY.... I WASN'T ALWAYS A GUTTER PUNK... I WAS BORN UP IN ALBANY -



"I WAS JUST LIKE OTHER KIDS WID A MA AND PA AND ALL.... WE HAD A NICE HOUSE WID FLOWERS AROUND IT... LIFE WAS A BREEZE FOR ME"



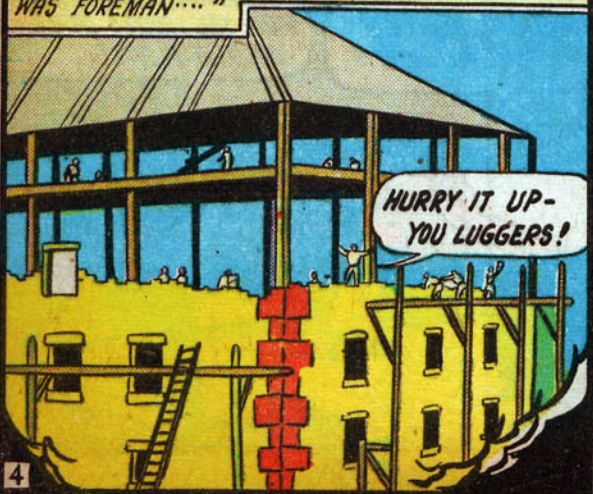
"ME OLD MAN WAS A TOUGH, FIGHTING IRISHMAN - BUT HE WAS GOOD, TOO! HIM AND ME WAS REAL PALS! WE USED TO GO FISHING AND SWIMMING ON HIS DAYS OFF...."



ME LAD, TIS A GREAT LIFE - AND YOU'RE A LITTLE BUM, BUT A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK!

QUIT KIDDING, POP -

"POP - HE WORKED FOR A CONTRACTOR WHO SAVED MONEY BY PUTTING BUM CEMENT AND TIMBER IN HIS JOBS.... POP USED TO FIGHT WID DE OLD GUY ABOUT IT.... POP WAS FOREMAN...."



HURRY IT UP - YOU LUGGERS!

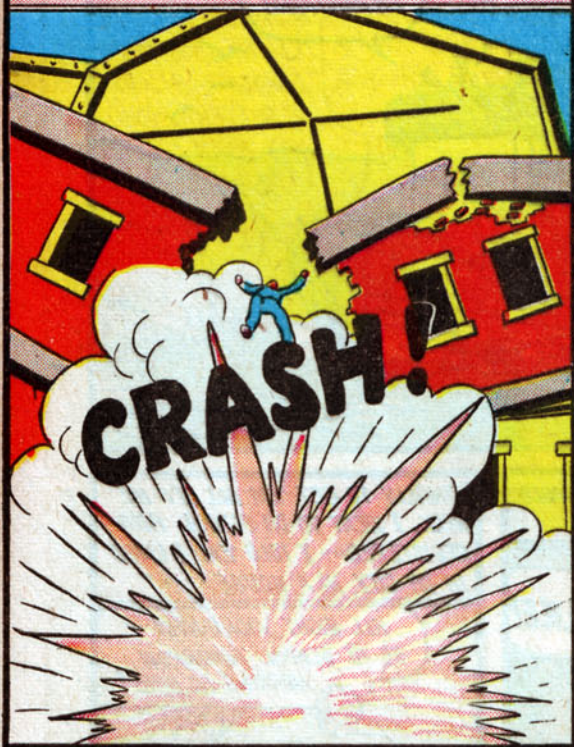
"POP WOULD'A QUIT ABOUT THE POOR CEMENT - BUT HE HAD ME AND MOM TO SUPPORT...."

MURPHY, YOU QUIT YOUR CONFOUNDED BELLY-ACHING OR GET OFF THE JOB!! I KNOW MY BUSINESS!

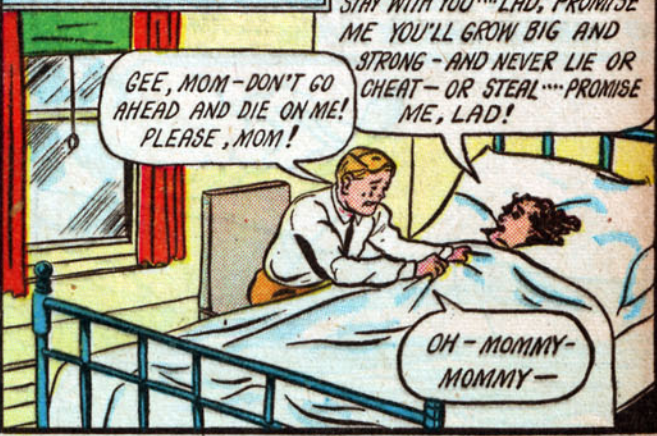
ALL RIGHT - ALL RIGHT - YOU SCROOGE! BUT SOME DAY ONE OF THESE BUILDINGS WILL FALL DOWN!



"AND DAT'S JUST WHAT HAPPENED.... DA LAST JOB COLLAPSED, AND TEN MEN WERE KILLED.... POP WAS ONE OF THEM...."



"IT WASN'T SO LONG AFTER DAT, BUT MY MOM DIED TOO.... SHE WAS CRAZY OVER POP...."



GEE, MOM-DON'T GO AHEAD AND DIE ON ME! PLEASE, MOM!

POOR LITTLE BOY-IF ONLY I HAD THE STRENGTH TO STAY WITH YOU...LAD, PROMISE ME YOU'LL GROW BIG AND STRONG-AND NEVER LIE OR CHEAT-OR STEAL...PROMISE ME, LAD!

OH-MOMMY-MOMMY-



HA! YOU SCRATCHY LITTLE GUTTER SNIPE! I'VE GOT YOU THIS TIME!

LEGGO ME-LEGGO-OR I'LL BITE YOUR ARM OFF!!



"WHEN SHE WAS GONE I WAS LEFT ALL ALONE-NO HOME-RELATIVES-MONEY-NOTHING.... AND, BOY, WAS I BLUE!"

"PRETTY SOON THE COUNTY ORPHAN SOCIETY GOT AFTER ME.... THERE WAS SOME HAIRY, GREAT BIG-NOSED BUM ALWAYS TRYING TO GRAB ME AND PUT ME IN DA ORPHAN ASYLUM...."



"FINALLY I PACKED ALL I HAD, AND DECIDED TO RUN AWAY FROM ALBANY..."

-SHAKE DA DUST OF DIS BURG FROM ME FEET!



"I WENT TO AN OLD FRIEND OF POP'S-A RIVER-TUG CAPTAIN-AND ASKED HIM TO TAKE ME DOWN RIVER."

CAPTAIN JIMMY-! CAN I GO WID YOU?

WELL I'LL BE-LAD-WHAT'S THIS MEAN?



"I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO SEEK MY FORTUNE AWAY FROM ALBANY..."

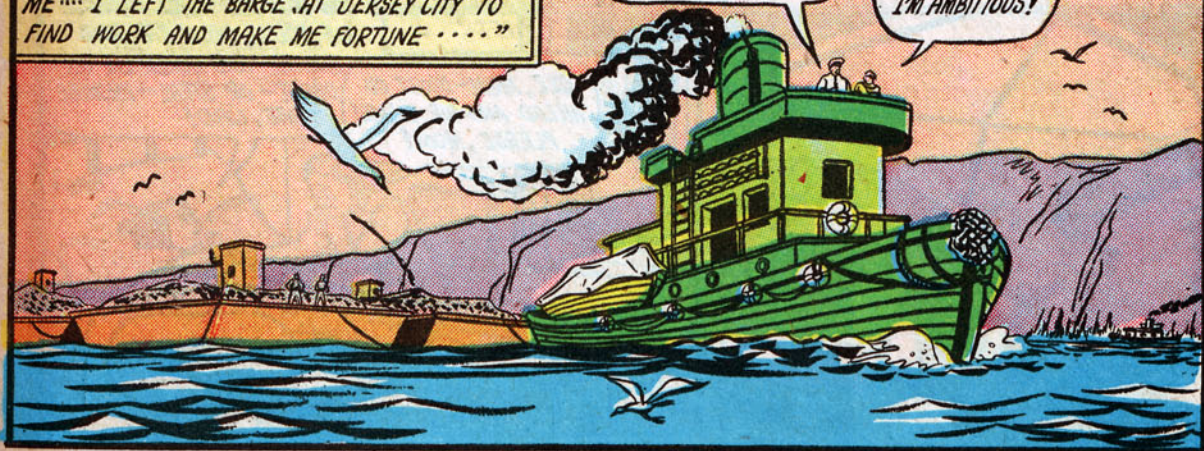
PLEASE, CAP-TAKE ME DOWN RIVER!

BLESS MY STARS, LAD!! ALL RIGHT-ALL RIGHT- YOU'RE ON!

"WE HAD A SWELL TRIP DOWN RIVER—PULLING COAL BARGES.... IT WAS WARM, AND SUNNY, AND BREEZY.... CAPTAIN JIMMY WAS GOOD TO ME.... I LEFT THE BARGE AT JERSEY CITY TO FIND WORK AND MAKE ME FORTUNE"

I'D GIVE YOU A JOB, LAD, BUT YOU'RE UNDER AGE

THAT'S OKAY, CAP.... I'LL FIND STUFF TO DO—I'M AMBITIOUS!



"BUT SOON'S I GOT OFF DA TUG COPS BEGAN CHASING ME TO FIND OUT WHO ME PARENTS WAS—AND WHERE I LIVED...."

STOP—YOU BRAT!

JEEPERS!

NHOA!



"TRUANT OFFICERS FROM DA SCHOOLS BEGAN CHASING ME"

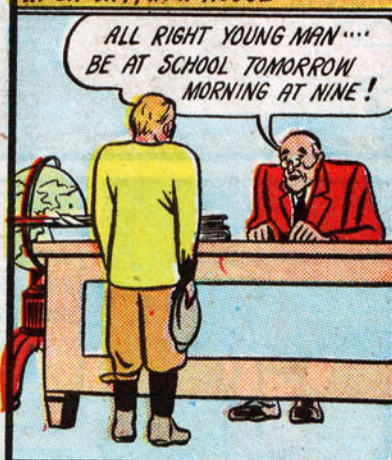
POLICE!

NO OLD ORPHANAGE FOR ME!

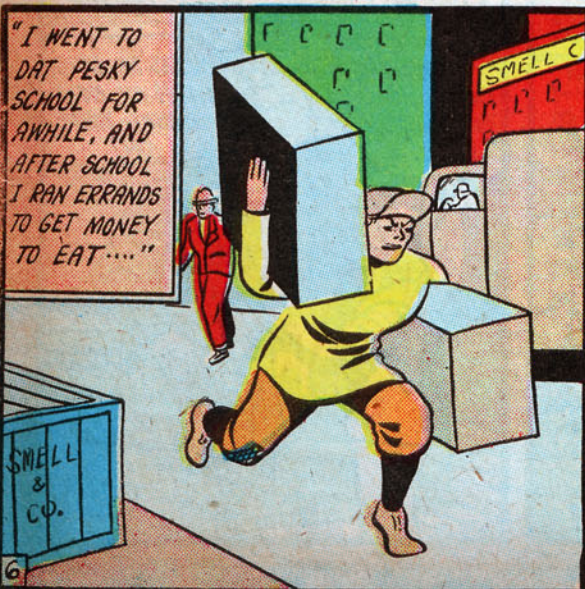


"FINALLY TO GET 'EM ALL OFF ME NECK, I WENT TO DA SCHOOL AND REGISTERED.... I TOLD 'EM I LIVED IN DA CITY, IN A HOUSE...."

ALL RIGHT YOUNG MAN.... BE AT SCHOOL TOMORROW MORNING AT NINE!

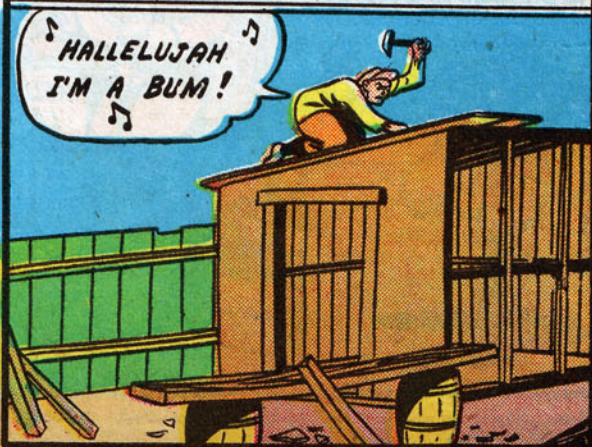


"I WENT TO DAT PESKY SCHOOL FOR AWHILE, AND AFTER SCHOOL I RAN ERRANDS TO GET MONEY TO EAT...."



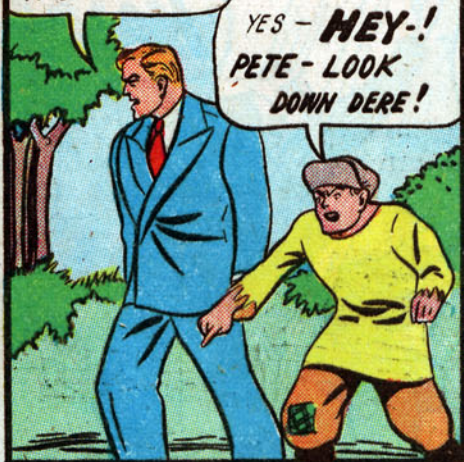
"I BEGAN COLLECTIN' OLD BOXES AND CRATES AND BOARDS AND I BUILT MESELF DAT LITTLE SHACK TO LIVE IN.... IT WAS COSY AND NICE—AT LAST I HAD A HOME AGAIN!"

HALLELUJAH I'M A BUM!



-AND THAT'S WHERE I FOUND YOU- EH-?
WELL-- HELLO-- WE SEEM
TO BE ALONE!

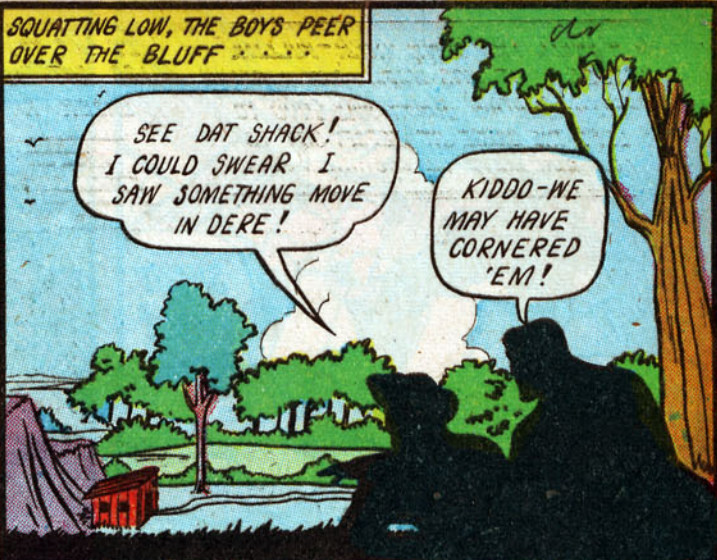
YES - **HEY-!**
PETE- LOOK
DOWN DERE!



SQUATTING LOW, THE BOYS PEER
OVER THE BLUFF

SEE DAT SHACK!
I COULD SWEAR I
SAW SOMETHING MOVE
IN DERE!

KIDDO-WE
MAY HAVE
CORNERED
'EM!



CAUTIOUSLY, THEY BEGIN TO CRAWL TO THE
REAR OF THE SHACK...

RIGHT! GO EASY!

WHAT'LL WE
DO? COME
DOWN IN BACK
OF 'EM?



ABRUPTLY, PETE AND
RAGGY CHARGE DOWN!

WHOOPEE!
WE GOT 'EM!

**LEAP ONTO
THE ROOF!!**

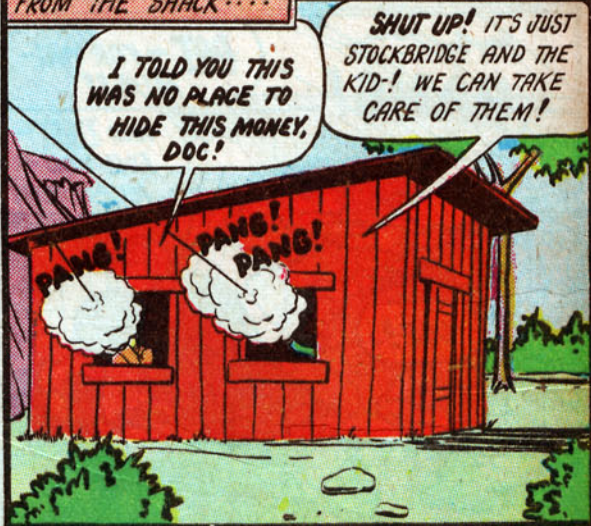
**HERE
THEY
COME!**



SUDDENLY THERE IS A BLAZE OF GUNFIRE
FROM THE SHACK...

I TOLD YOU THIS
WAS NO PLACE TO
HIDE THIS MONEY,
DOC!

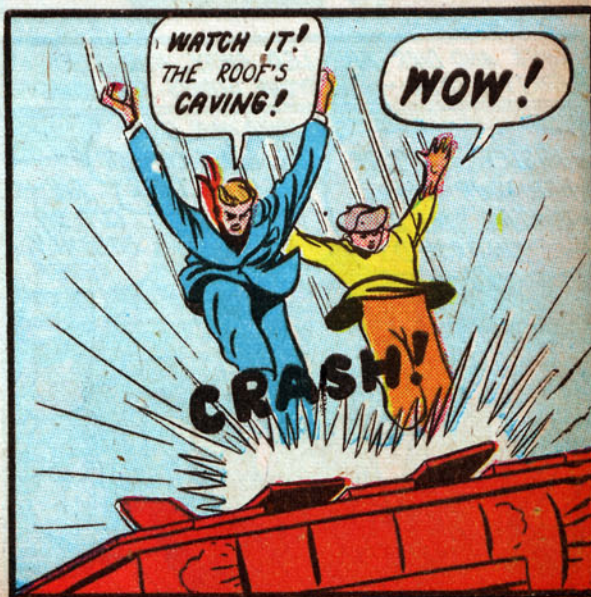
SHUT UP! IT'S JUST
STOCKBRIDGE AND THE
KID-! WE CAN TAKE
CARE OF THEM!

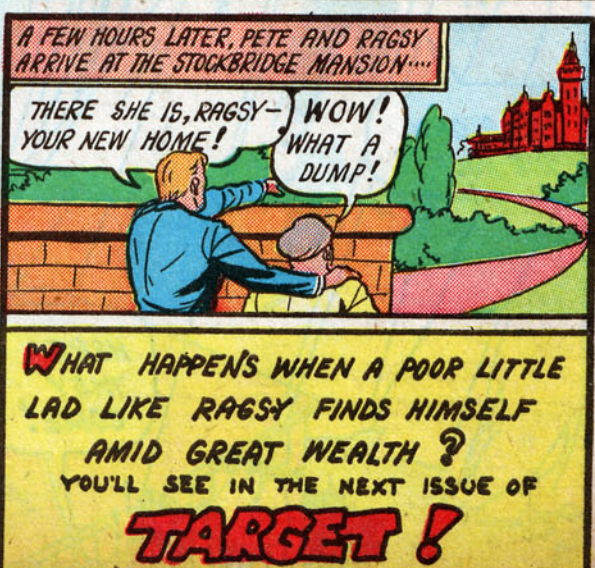
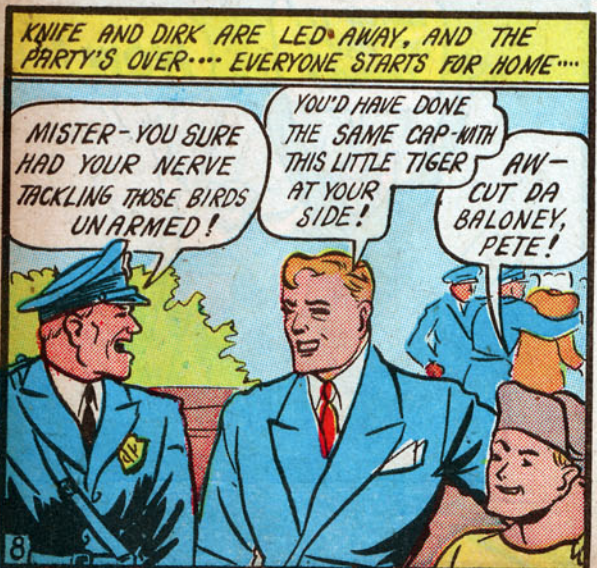


WATCH IT!
**THE ROOF'S
CAVING!**

NOW!

CRASH!







FOOTBALL HELMET

MO-187

A "real" helmet. With this one, you can "buck the line" in confidence. Made of heavy fibre and leather. Well padded with suspension shock absorber. Adjustable chin strap. Comes in black and tan colors and in three (3) sizes—large, medium, small. Be sure to state which size.

\$3.00

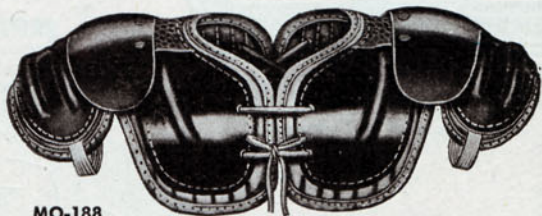


MO-177

OFFICIAL "TOUCH" FOOTBALL

There's nothing flimsy or cheap in the construction of this MINIATURE football. It is made of genuine, football grain, heavy fabricoid material. Double laced. Comes with pre-inflated rubber valve bladder. Valve needle included. Each ball tested before being shipped. Will be all the rage again this Fall. Get yours early!

50c



MO-188

FOOTBALL SHOULDER PADS

Protect yourself with shoulder pads like those pictured above. You will plunge into hard plays with confidence. Notice the molded fibre shoulder caps and epaulets. Collarbone protectors are lined with white drill. Elastic arm bands

\$1.75



MO-160

SHINER

An imitation telescope which gives the victim a black eye. A tin box of blackening with each

15c



MO-144

GOOD LUCK RING

Some people believe this ring does bring good luck. Why not try it? Fits any finger.

12c

THE "MYSTERY" KNIFE

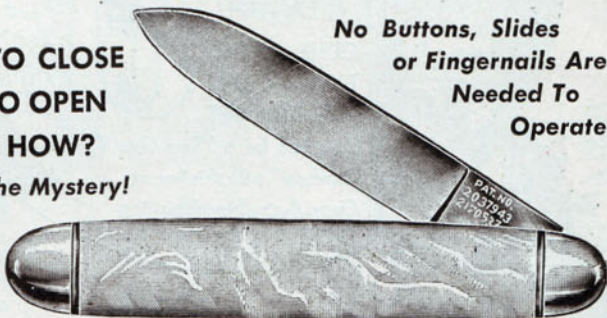
**EASY TO CLOSE
EASY TO OPEN
BUT HOW?**

That's The Mystery!

**No Buttons, Slides
or Fingernails Are
Needed To
Operate**

MO-186

29c



(cut actual size)

Amaze your friends with this new "HAMMER BRAND" sensation! No buttons, slides or fingernails are needed to "open" or "close". Imitation pearl handles. Brass linings. Full polished, tempered, razor steel blade. Complete operating instructions enclosed.

Our two most popular items are the Knife pictured above and the Billfold at lower left.

MO-124

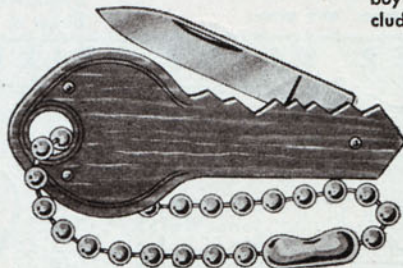
BILFOLD AND COIN PURSE

More popular than ever. Carries coins in addition to currency. Visible identification pocket. Card pocket at each end. Snap fastener. State initial to be stamped. RUBBERIZED LEATHER.

35c

MO-124A

**GUARANTEED ALL LEATHER
47c**



MO-189

KEY-CHAIN KNIFE

Cut is actual size. Key chain included. A handy thing to have in your pocket...or a nice gift for Dad.

29c

Customers living outside the United States must remit in U. S. Currency only and must pay all duty charges on delivery of merchandise.

Send Your Order and Remittance to

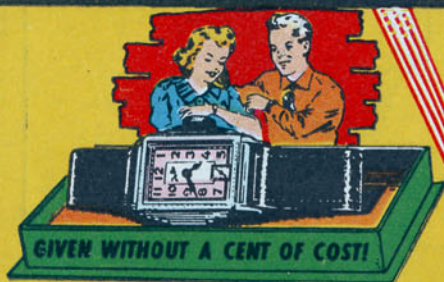
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115 West 19th Street
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GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST!

Sell only one order and get a beautiful WRIST WATCH. Styles for boys, girls, men and women.



Two famous Model Airplane Sets.
BRITISH "SPITFIRE" and U.S. "AIRACOBRA." Both Given.



FAMOUS YALE FOOTBALL SET
Official size and weight. Pump given free.



MIDGET RADIO.
Get this cute little radio for your room.



GENE AUTRY TWO-GUN HOLSTER SET
You can be a "Two-Gun Cowboy" with this fine set. Gene Autry friendship ring FREE.



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Red Ryder licensed by Stephen Slesinger, Inc. New York

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It's easy to sell these Xmas packs to your family, friends and neighbors. When sold, send us the \$4.00 collected and choose your prize. It is sent to you at once.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas packs and our Big Prize Catalog — tell us what prize you want. **SEND NO MONEY — WE TRUST YOU.**

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GENE AUTRY GUITAR. Full size, full tone, decorated with western scene and Gene Autry's signature.



AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 624, Lancaster, Pa.

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My choice of prize is _____
Name _____
Street Address _____
or R.F.D. Box _____
City _____
State _____

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